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LETTERS

puzzled

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I am, I suppose, a Concerned Democrat, but this year I don't want to be attached to any party. I shall be voting in November, but before then I shall have to take a stand on various issues. I am sure that many of your readers are as puzzled as I am. A sharing of thoughts might help. Here are a few of the things that have been bothering me:

(1) *Lyndon Johnson.* I voted for him in 1964. I thought he was honest, if crude, and ever so much better than his opponent. His domestic program has been pretty good, and his blunders in foreign policy should not be allowed to obscure it. Lyndon Johnson is a small man with an oversized image of his place in history. He may go down in history as a good President, but not as a great one. He should now be allowed to retire.

(2) *Vietnam.* The muddle we are now in is not Johnson's fault, nor was it Kennedy's or Eisenhower's. We muddled our way into it blindly and stupidly, and now we cannot find a way out without losing face. But it is clear that we must get out, and we should be prepared to lose face in the process. But how are we to do it, with the least injury to innocent people? Just "getting out" is easy to talk about, but not so easy when one thinks of the tremendous dislocations involved. Mary McCarthy may blandly leave all this to the military, but, having been a sort of soldier myself, I don't trust the soldiers to be dependably intelligent.

(3) *Eugene McCarthy.* I am supporting McCarthy, with no hope that he can get the nomination. Stevenson tried twice, and failed; but I still think he was worth supporting. McCarthy, like Stevenson, voices the enlightened conscience of the nation. But isn't there something more that concerned Americans can do?

(4) *Nixon, Rockefeller, and the other Republicans.* Nixon and Reagan are lower than Johnson at his crudest. The unknown is Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller's record in New York is good, and in his earlier days he did well with our Latin American cousins.

As of this moment, I would vote for Nelson Rockefeller as opposed to Lyndon Johnson; but I need the counsel of other puzzled citizens.

Robert B. MacLeod, Prof. of Psychology
Cornell University

magic or massacre

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Shaun O'Connell's review of *The Man who Cried I Am* [*The Nation*, Jan. 29] overstresses the minor weaknesses of the book and almost completely overlooks its clear-cut strengths. . . . The dialogue [is not] "consistently implausible." It would be miraculous indeed in a novel of 403 pages if the author's ear did not betray him occasionally. But in general the dialogue is crisp . . . And the King Alfred plan [to exterminate the blacks] is not nearly so preposterous as Mr. O'Connell asserts it is. As Williams himself has pointed out elsewhere, during World War II German-Americans sang Nazi songs and gave Nazi salutes in Yorkville, openly and contemptuously, while Japanese-American farmers peacefully attended to their affairs. Who was rounded up and driven into internment camps? The yellow man or the white man, even though one was palpably more dangerous to our security than the other? The suspicion against Americans of other pigmentation is

(*Continued on page 345*)

EDITORIALS

Romney Bows Out

Governor Romney's withdrawal sharpens, and dramatizes, the fight for the Republican nomination. Fortunately his decision to bow out comes far enough in advance of the convention to permit the liberal-moderate elements to mount a strong campaign for the nomination of Governor Rockefeller. Sooner or later Romney would have withdrawn for the reason he so candidly stated: his candidacy had simply not caught on with the party rank and file. Faced with the deadline for filing in the Wisconsin primary (February 29), he wisely decided to retire now.

Governor Romney is not entirely responsible for the fact that his candidacy did not catch on in New Hampshire. Governor Rockefeller's consistent and warm support placed Romney in the position of appearing to be a front-runner for the New Yorker. The more firmly and frequently Rockefeller denied his own candidacy, the more widely the impression came to be accepted that he was in the race. Voters do not rally round a candidate whom they regard, correctly or not, as a stalking-horse.

As an aspirant for the Presidency, Romney exhibited obvious shortcomings; he lacks political perception and finesse. Even so, his political ineptness might not have been fatal if he had started with a sound conception of the position he finally decided to take. In New Hampshire, he soon realized that Vietnam was the dominant issue. But it was not until mid-January that he began to talk sense about the war. The campaign booklet issued on February 15—"A New U.S. Foreign Policy for the 1970s"—was a good campaign document, but should have come out much sooner. In recent speeches, Mr. Romney has been saying what he should have said from the outset: "Our containment policy is outdated. The basic policy of negative reactionary containment is what is leading us to World War III . . . ." "I never thought we should have gone in there in the first place . . . ." In Vietnam, "we are going right down the road to World War III," etc. But while all of this was said convincingly enough, it managed to sound as though it were a position taken in a desperate last-minute effort to overcome Nixon's lead. The belated espousal of the position—not the position itself—was the source of Romney's trouble in New Hampshire.

The Republican race now narrows down to Rockefeller and Nixon. What happens will largely depend on whether the liberal-moderate elements are able to overcome their fatal indecisiveness and mount a strong campaign for Rockefeller. They have the resources: they control a large bloc of delegates and they can get the added delegates they will need. But too often in the past they have acted as though they were waiting for another Ike or some miracle-worker to appear on the scene and do for them what they should do for themselves. For example, the Republican governors recently decided that Gov. Raymond Shafer should be co-chairman of the platform committee with Senator Dirksen, but they did nothing further about it—nor did Shafer—and so they lost out. Will they now decide that Rockefeller, with his fine organization and

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vast resources, will give them a free ride to victory, or will they unite to secure his nomination and election?

Nixon was genuinely surprised, and no doubt disturbed, by Romney's sudden decision to withdraw. He continues to say that his is the "center" position, with Rockefeller to his left and Reagan to his right. But Nixon can no longer play the man in the middle. Reagan, given his misadventures in California, will not be the candidate of the right wing at Miami, however much they may cheer his name. That Reagan is not really their choice is shown by the fact that much of the money for the Wallace campaign comes from Birch Society and kindred sources.

Goldwater makes the real situation quite clear by saying that he hopes Wallace will now withdraw so that the Southern electoral votes may go to Nixon. But Wallace is not likely to back out this year as he did in 1964; his position, as the spoiler, is much too strong, and by now he has a sizable investment in the campaign. In brief, Wallace and Nixon are the right-wing candidates and, as such, will split the right-wing reactionary vote.

With Wallace in the race, Nixon is the weakest nominee the Republicans can put forward, however great his strength may be with the party apparatus. Ray Bliss pointed out recently that the Republicans must concentrate on winning ten big states that have 255 electoral votes; Nixon carried only three of these states in 1960. Bliss also pointed out that to carry these ten, the GOP must make inroads on the Negro, Jewish and Catholic votes. Nixon is the least likely. Rockefeller the most likely Republican nominee to attract these blocs.

Nixon is gambling on Johnson's unpopularity, but he is distrusted and disliked almost as much as Johnson. Independents and disaffected Democrats will not vote for Nixon; they will not vote. On the other hand, Rockefeller can draw more independent and Democratic votes than Johnson drew disaffected Republican votes in 1964. If the Republicans want to win, they will nominate Rockefeller.

A National Tragedy

Senators come and Senators go, and usually no one cares very much except their personal following and the members of their own political families. But when Thruston B. Morton (R., Ky.) called a news conference in Louisville and announced that he would not seek re-election this year, there was consternation in Kentucky, in Washington, and all over the country. The Senator would say only that he was stepping down "for very compelling personal reasons"; those reasons must be compelling indeed, for the country's need of him verges on the desperate.

One of the major political developments of recent years has been Senator Morton's valiant effort to talk sense to the Republican Party—on a variety of issues, but most urgently on the war in Vietnam. He is a "centrist" in the best sense: that of the man of reason. He is a conservative according to the definition of the French Socialist Jaurès: one who wants to preserve from the still-glowing embers of the past not the ashes but the vital flame. He has had the courage and integrity to step forth and say he had been wrong about Vietnam and urge a different course.

"It is known," the *New York Times* report said, "that

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if he decided to step down it would mainly be for reasons of health." Mrs. Morton is quoted to the same effect. If this is the reason for Mr. Morton's withdrawal, one cannot press him to change his mind. He has devoted nearly twenty-seven years to public service, much of it on the national level and—the more so after his reconsideration of our policy on Vietnam—he is at the height of his influence. He does not need a seat in the Senate to round up an audience: there is not an intelligent citizen who will not listen carefully to whatever he has to say on the vital issues of the day. If he can do that with less strain and wear and tear, so much the better.

There have been reports also that Mr. Morton is exhausted spiritually rather than physically. He has been depressed (as which of us has not?) by the war to which he can see no end and by the absence of national political leadership adequate to the tasks that must be performed. He is said to feel that the coming summer will see a renewal of urban rioting, and he cannot but feel some degree of discouragement at the way in which the outmaneuvered Republican governors were deprived of a co-chairmanship with Senator Dirksen on the platform committee. That Nelson Rockefeller is not the front-running Republican candidate for the Presidency may be another factor in Senator Morton's outlook.

In *The Saturday Evening Post* of April 6 (on the newsstands on or about March 23), Senator Morton will have a piece titled "Why Only the GOP Can Get Us Out of Vietnam"—with the qualification, of course, that the GOP offer the electorate a ticket that wants to get us out. In the meantime, *The Nation* can only express its deepest regret at the Senator's decision, and hope that perhaps it is subject to change.

An Appeal to the President

In the April 6 *Saturday Evening Post* article referred to above, Senator Morton will make what may be the most important point of all. He has said in another connection that the country is "hung up on the outdated dogmas of the cold war," of which he feels the President and Secretary of State are prisoners. In the *SEP* article, Senator Morton will add that, for the good of the country, Lyndon B. Johnson should not seek re-election. This may be disagreeable advice for Mr. Johnson to read, but more is at stake than the pride of even so proud a man. *The Nation*, after supporting him in 1964, has admired neither his words nor his actions in the international field, but it has never accused him of lack of patriotism as he sees it —nor does it bring any such charge against him now.

The facts are all too evident. In the Vietnamese War Mr. Johnson some time ago passed the point of no return. He has become wholly preoccupied with the military aspects of the war. He must now deal with the recommendations (which are in effect demands) of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for still more manpower to be thrown into an increasingly hopeless battle. It is hopeless because the people of South Vietnam are not with us. The fighting at Hue was a revealing instance. George McArthur of the Associated Press cabled on February 27: "When Communist forces virtually overran Hue four weeks ago, the city's official structure vanished . . . . One harried American said, after a day of frustration, 'They are leaderless and gutless.'" The reason is simple, and the outburst was not quite fair to the Vietnamese government officials who disappeared. It is the Americans' war, not theirs.

But that is not the worst of it. Not only are the Vietnamese not dedicated to the war: the American people are in the same situation. In his latest monologue, Mr. Johnson exhorted us not to "buckle" but to stand up like men for our principles. That is just the trouble: the principles are on the enemy's side. Mainly for that reason, the Vietnamese War has divided the American people, and not even the hawks are filled with the proper martial spirit. The majority just want to get the damned thing over with.

As for the Administration, it is in a truly alarming state. It may be that on the part of the President there is no failure of will, but there is an increasingly palpable failure of reason. Irrationality spreads through Washington like a contagion. The nerves of key officials are frayed. They are no longer thinking, only reacting, and their reactions are mechanical and predictable. Amazingly indiscreet things are said and done. A high government official asked a group of newsmen on February 9: ". . . whose side are you on?" The remark was not to be subject to direct quotation, but it flew around Washington and finally Alan L. Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* revealed that the official was Dean Rusk. Under date of February 23, the Associated Press commented that this question, and a long discourse that the Secretary delivered, "indicates tension and unusual sensitivity to criticism at the highest levels of the Johnson Administration in the days following the Communist offensive . . . . "

But Mr. Rusk was only following in the footsteps of his master. Their troubles are bound to multiply, for both are prisoners of their own views, of the outdated and inapplicable dogmas of the cold war, and of the war in Vietnam in which they have invested so improvidently and recklessly that they can no longer see a way out.

The President is jeopardizing not only the country but his own party, even while he keeps insisting that only the Democratic Party (with himself at its head) can save the country. But when it comes to nominating people who have the capacity to strengthen the party—people like Adlai Stevenson III or Morris Abram—the President can think only of whether or not they see eye to eye with him on Vietnam.

Johnson wants to run against Nixon, regarding him as an easy mark, but Nixon has the same idea in reverse and perhaps with more logic—he wants to run against Johnson. They are creating a real danger of a Johnson-Nixon-Wallace hangup, with the by no means negligible danger of throwing the election into the House of Representatives, where the one-state-one-vote rule would be in effect. The consequences of such an impasse are incalculable: Wallace would be in the blackmail seat, and the country would have to endure weeks of excruciating, and perhaps dangerous, uncertainty.

The fact is—and now it must be obvious even to President Johnson—that he himself is the divisive issue in the country, and matters have reached a pass where nothing he can say or do will change the situation.

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He is more keenly and universally disliked an istrusted than any President in modern times. Franklin . Roosevelt was indeed hated, but there were million ho loved him. Who loves Johnson?

Senator Morton wants only to help the cc ry; he is retiring and presumably has no political moti or making his admittedly harsh suggestion. Respon e organs like *The Wall Street Journal* have turned inst Mr. Johnson. The President should listen to such unsels as these. He can plead ill health or whatever w nake the pill less bitter to swallow, but he should take medicine that thoughtful and patriotic men prescribe.

Passing the Biological Bu t

The most prestigious scientific organization the world —certainly in the United States—is the Am an Asso- ciation for the Advancement of Science, with 110,000 membership of run-of-the-mill scientists ar a goodly sprinkling of Nobel laureates. Yet some s ntists are more human, if not more scientific, than oth and two years ago at the annual meeting Dr. E. W. ffer, professor of zoology at the University of Montan upported by other concerned ecologists, pushed throu a resolution for an AAAS study of chemical and biol cal agents that affect the environment. The particular ironment at issue was, of course, that of Vietnam, an e debate lined up the AAAS hawks against the AA doves. At the 1967 meeting, during the Christmas-New ear's holiday, the resolution bore fruit in the form of committee on Environmental Alteration.

The evaluation group consisted of four m bers. Two resigned almost immediately: Dr. David R. C lard, provost of the University of Pennsylvania and nelstan F. Spilhaus, president of the venerable Franklin stitute of Philadelphia. The remaining members, Barr ommoner of Washington University in St. Louis and R Dubos of Rockefeller University, lashed themselves the mast. Their specific task, with two replacement m bers to be appointed at the quarterly AAAS board eeting in March, will be to evaluate a 369-page stud port concocted by the Midwestern Research Inst e (MRI) under a $68,000 Defense Department contr

The AAAS has enlisted the aid of the N nal Academy of Sciences and the National Researc Council in this delicate task. Frederick Seitz, president the Academy and also chairman of the Defense Scien Board, the Defense Department's highest advisory bod passed his organization's share of the hot potato to an ademy review board headed by A. Geoffrey Norma a botanist who is vice president of research of the versity of Michigan and chairman of the NAS-NRC ology and agricultural division. A possible count agains is eminent authority is that from 1946 to 1952 he was biochemist and division chief at the Army Chemical Co Biological Laboratories at Fort Detrick, Md.

Much of this information comes from D. reenberg's editorial in the February 23 issue of *Scien* Greenberg occasionally introduces a waspish note into comments, and in this case he remarked that the urgenc the NSF-NRC-AAAS review may not be too urger ince "it is likely that Vietnam will be depopulated before it is defoliated." The sequence may not matter: the review, which has already been summarized for the press, is not of a critical nature. MRI is said to have done a creditable job of "collecting, correctly abstracting and citing much of the relevant published information, although under the circumstances, the report could not be expected to cover in a truly comprehensive way so vast a literature." It is conceded that the literature, perhaps because it is so vast, "provides markedly less factual information on the ecological consequences of herbicide use and particularly of repeated or heavy herbicide application." In short, Vietnam is not in a state of toxicosis now, but the ultimate effects are not assessable.

The political aspect, with which the AAAS-NSF-NRC team is not concerned, is that the U.S. taxpayer provides some $300-$400 million a year for research, production and use of chemical-biological weapons, with something like $100 million going to Vietnam for defoliation and dejunglification. Thus the door has been reopened on what used to be called gas warfare, which accounted for a million casualties in World War I. This made some of the belligerents a bit squeamish, and they signed the protocol of 1925 outlawing poisonous and asphyxiating gases. The United States was not one of the signers. Nevertheless, the belligerents in World War II decided it would not be to their advantage to ignore the protocol, and they limited themselves to TNT, flame throwers, incendiary bombs, and finally the atomic bomb.

Where we stand, then, is that the United States is experimenting with C/B warfare—on a modest scale so far, and only against an Asiatic population whose hearts and minds we don't seem to be winning anyhow. And what we are learning may prove to be useful for the restraint of recalcitrant populations at home.

A Time for Double Talk

Last month may have set the record for self-refutation by prominent Americans. General Westmoreland simultaneously downgraded the Vietcong offensive and begged for more men. Secretary McNamara, who had testified in 1964 that the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* were on "routine patrol" at the time of the North Vietnamese "attack," now admits that those patrols were precisely as "routine" as were the patrols of the *Liberty* and *Pueblo*. And Lyndon Johnson continues his massive refutation of the 1964 Democratic Platform: "Peace should be the first concern of all governments, as it is the prayer of all men." While claiming that there was no man *he* would rather follow into battle than Westmoreland, the President was content to dispatch others. He cut graduate school deferments, thus declaring a moratorium on training Americans to do anything but kill (except for doctors to amputate and chaplains to render last rites). Johnson then went through the hand-shaking routine with the latest 10,000 to be consigned to Westmoreland.

Few Americans, however, achieved the self-refutation of that veteran campaigner, Richard M. Nixon. No longer running for "President of California" (as he had blurted in 1962), Nixon topped the efforts of even Lyndon John-

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son. An interviewer in Rhinelander, Wis., asked Mr. Nixon whether the United States should try to outlast "Asian patience" in Vietnam. "No," replied Mr. Nixon, "this nation cannot tolerate a long war. The Asians have no respect for human life. They don't care about body counts, whether the count is nine or ten to one against them."

Mr. Nixon does not ask what Asians *do* care about. What is it, he does not ask, that makes those fighting against us so willing to die? With characteristic myopia Mr. Nixon forgets that he is a citizen (and hopes to be President) of the nation which has made the body count —that measure of *our* respect for human life—part of the every-hour-on-the-hour American heritage. He reveals again the arrogance which has made America the least-loved nation in the world and which makes Mr. Nixon so abhorrent a candidate in this War Year of 1968.

Kicking Uncle Sam

Without exception, Uncle Sam's allies have him where they want him. They are his indispensable comrades in the world-wide crusade against communism, and when they cry and threaten he must strive to pacify them. Just now the Thai Government is yelling the loudest. One reason for this is that we are not winning in Vietnam, a state of affairs which the Thai rulers did not reckon with when they became our loyal allies. Or perhaps they just want more fringe benefits for allowing us to bomb from the bases we have built on their sovereign soil. Whatever the reasons, Sydney Gruson reports in *The New York Times* from Bangkok that many Thais resent the American military and economic build-up in what is after all their country (or used to be) and that this resentment is "exploding" into the open.

The present level of American strength in Thailand is 43,000 military men and about 7,000 civilians on a more or less permanent basis. Another 5,000 American soldiers come for rest and recreation each month. As Kipling said, single men in barracks are not plaster saints, and by recreation our men, even like Kipling's, mean girls. This is one cause of friction, since male Thais have much the same urges as male Americans, and think they should have priority in their own country.

Biological sensitivity is probably exceeded, at least in official eyes, by journalistic and economic penetration. A book by Louis Lomax, *The War That Is, The War That Will Be,* has given grave offense to Thai officialdom. It implies that Thailand is ripe to become another Vietnam and allegedly insults King Phumiphol Adulet. An item in *Newsweek* is also regarded as impugning the King's courage on a visit to the northeastern insurgency area. Violent anger has been expressed on these and other grounds by a respected Thai journalist, Kukrit Pramoj, who blames the Americans for practically every evil in Thai social and economic life and concludes, "You American beasts, return to your holes."

That is a little harsh, but there is some substance to the charges of economic penetration. According to *U.S. News & World Report,* American investment in Thailand was about $100 million a year ago. Now well over 100 U.S. firms are on the scene, and most of them are operating "quite profitably." We are by no means alone, however. Almost half of new investment in Thailand in recent years comes from Japan, and Taiwan also comes ahead of the United States.

But Uncle Sam has the largest rump for kicking, and the Thais are not neglecting the opportunity.

The Integrated Auction

By the usual standards of journalism, the auction was just a local affair. Yet both *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* had reporters on hand, and Charles B. Camp of the *Journal* sent in wordage (and had it printed) that would have befitted a summary of the annual report of a billion-dollar corporation.

There was human interest in this auction, and the memory of tragedy. The auctioneer was Detroit Police Lieutenant Fred Hotchkiss, and the goods being sold were part of the loot recovered by the police after last summer's riot. It was stuff that no one had claimed and that was untraceable. This auction comprised only furniture and linens. This month there will be another two-day sale of TV sets, radios and record players. (That one should be a really colossal event.) There will be two auctions a week for at least the next five or six weeks. At the first auction the crowd was half black and half white, and the races got along fine. There were quite a few disputes, but color had nothing to do with them.

The police had warned that only the first 300 persons in line would be admitted, but 450 stormed in when the doors were opened. Later the soft-hearted cops let in another 100 who had been standing outside with their faces pressed against the windows.

All sales were unconditional. When a beat-up freezer was put up, the auctioneer warned: "You ought to know the condition of this—you won't be able to call up a service man later and have repairs made under a warranty." Nevertheless, a bargain hunter paid $125 for this treasure, which an amazed expert said was worth $18, top. The auctioneer probably lost his footing on that one, because his policy was to stop the bidding when an item was going beyond its obvious value.

The Detroit loot, both the part that was sold and the stuff still to be auctioned, is a strange miscellany. Besides the usual items—liquor, electronic equipment, clothing and the like, there were such things as stacks of dinette sets, commercial meat slicers and twenty rolls of carpeting, including one which weighed half a ton. "Some of these guys must have figured they were going to go into business for themselves," Lieutenant Hotchkiss commented.

But a good time was had by all; even the occasional fights over who had placed the highest bid were entertainment. A reasonable deduction is that hostility between the races is not inherent, but we knew that before. At an auction there is true racial equality, with all present lusting for a bargain and everybody at liberty to make a fool of himself. The situation is hard on the Detroit police property office, however. Ten men have had to be added to Lieutenant Hotchkiss' squad, and he is still undermanned. "If we have another riot," he said, "I'm sunk."

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THE REAL CRIME OF DR. SPOCK

JEAN CARPER
Miss Carper is the author of Bitter Greetings: The Scandal of the Military Draft *(Grossman).*

The indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and four others on charges of conspiring to counsel young men to avoid the draft is a critical point in a struggle of historical consequence: the ever-intensifying war between the U.S. Government and the draft resisters. The indictment is more than a mere crackdown on an annoying rabble: it is the beginning of a test of power. It is an unprecedented recognition by the government of the growing strength and threat of the anti-draft movement in this country.

And the Administration has every reason to be concerned over the challenge to its power to coerce young men to die at the bidding of their leaders in a war considered immoral by many. Anyone in Washington with a grasp of history can see that the current anti-draft resistance is no ordinary uprising that can be put down in the traditional way by intimidating or imprisoning one by one those young men who refuse to go.

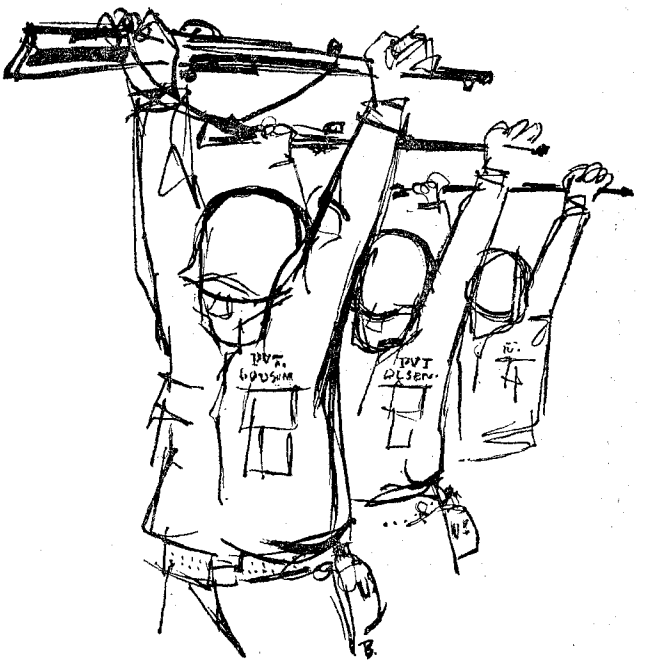
For the first time in its history our government faces a draft rebellion not only by the young but by the old, not only by men but by women, not only by individuals alone but by groups coming together in surprising and ever-growing numbers. And the leaders are not the poor and impotent but men of some prestige and power. Those indicted with Dr. Spock were the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, civil rights leader and chaplain of Yale University; Mitchell Goodman, author; Marcus Raskin, former White House aide under President Kennedy and now co-director of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, and Michael B. Ferber, Harvard University graduate student.

It is no secret that these five are only a handful of the participants in the anti-draft movement whom the Justice Department could—and perhaps will—prosecute. Within five weeks after the indictments, the anti-draft organization, Resist, with headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., reported that more than 10,000 signatures had been obtained, from among others, doctors, lawyers, writers, housewives and students, asserting in effect that they too would have to be prosecuted if the defendants were found guilty.

The Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, Inc., headed by Robert A. Rosenthal, professor of education at Harvard, has been established to aid draft resisters and their supporters. In New York's Town Hall on January 14, about 900 persons, two-thirds of those present, turned their advocacy of draft resistance into overt action by donating money to support draft resisters. (The Justice Department insists it will not prosecute for advocacy of draft resistance, only for overt acts.) Resist is organizing a nation-wide academic day of protest to coincide with the trial of the defendants; 1,000 campuses are expected to participate with teach-ins, mock trials and "field trips" to induction centers, draft boards, munitions plants.

Such a large-scale, anti-draft movement, led by persons of influence, is unheard of in our history. Men of prominence in other countries, for example, Great Britain and France, have preached and practiced stalwart resistance to coercive military service. Such figures as Bertrand Russell, Ramsay MacDonald and several members of Parliament were active resisters of the draft. Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and a coterie of French intellectuals, called the "Committee of 121," organized an underground escape route for deserters and those about to be conscripted during the Algerian War. About 3,000 young men evaded the military.

Although there have been isolated exceptions—Thoreau's civil disobedience being the most famous example—



we have witnessed until now, no such active opposition to the draft by Americans, especially Americans of unquestioned stature in the community. Only once have we had an anti-draft uprising of any size and import, a pitifully sordid affair immediately after our first national draft act was passed in 1863 during the Civil War. The working class, mainly Irish immigrants, who refused to be cannon fodder for the "rich man's war to free the niggers," as they called it, formed a mob in New York City, smashed the draft lottery wheels, stormed Horace Greeley's *Tribune,* burned the armory, and for five days terrorized the city, looting and killing. Finally, cannons and regiments of soldiers had to be brought into the streets to halt the mob. An estimated 1,000 persons were injured or killed in the rioting.

Aside from that one bloody outburst, Americans have, for a people that prides itself on individual freedom and resistance to coercion, submitted with surprising docility to the draft. We had no significant organized resistance to the draft during World War I, World War II or Korea. Most certainly during wartime and even during

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peacetime since 1948, the draft has always had a firm grip on the hearts of Americans—most particularly on the hearts of the generations too old to be drafted.

In the beginning it appeared that the current resistance to the draft might be little more effective than it had been in previous wars. To superpatriots like L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, the protests on college campuses that erupted soon after escalation of the war were just another display by a few cowardly boys—"scum and vermin," he called them. And the government knew how to handle that kind of resistance; force them into the service or lock them up one by one, as in previous wars.

It soon became evident, however, that the protests contained the seeds of a different kind of resistance. Students protected from the draft by educational deferments were nevertheless demonstrating for abolition of the 2-S classification, branding it and the war immoral. Several boys burned their draft cards, signifying that the order of the day was perhaps no longer resistance by acceptance of conscientious objector status but outright defiance of Selective Service: noncooperation.

Many conscientious objectors, in a trend that has accelerated greatly recently, gave up their status that would have kept them safe forever from the draft and the war, and on moral principle returned their draft cards or destroyed them, making them liable for up to five years in prison and a $10,000 fine. Clearly, these were not young men trying to save their own skins. They were acting out of deep conviction, concern and personal responsibility, putting themselves unnecessarily in jeopardy through an act of civil disobedience to save others and to try to end a war they considered immoral and illegal.

From the first, the government has taken a hard line against the dissenters. Although the draft protesters were vocal and received wide press coverage, their organization and numbers were not really strong. A survey in 1965 showed that less than 1 per cent of college students were engaged in anti-war activities. Nevertheless, Washington's militants were thrown into what Sen. Wayne Morse called "near hysteria" by the noisy opposition to the war. In a fit of fury, Congress in August, 1965, at the instigation of Congressman Rivers, passed an anti-draft-card destruction law with penalties of up to five years in prison and a $10,000 fine. Since burning a draft card does not impede Selective Service's operation in any way, the intent of the law was patently to squelch dissent.

Gen. Lewis B. Hershey soon afterwards began a program of intimidation by threatening to draft college students who "misbehaved." General Hershey and the Justice Department also began a systematic clampdown on conscientious objectors—the usual primary source of wartime dissent. One notable sacrifice to political expediency was Cassius Clay whom General Hershey was determined one way or another to make an "example for his race." Although Clay's hearing officer, after studying an FBI investigation of Clay and questioning him personally, determined that Clay's beliefs warranted c.o. status, the Justice Department in an unusual move overturned the decision.

Persecution of men who became conscientious objectors *after* they were in the military services was also stepped up. Of the 860 men who applied for discharge from the service as conscientious objectors between 1962 and 1965, only 226 or 26 per cent were denied 1-O or 1-A-O status. In 1966, 448 or 52 per cent of those 850 who applied were refused. By 1967, the denials had risen to 70 per cent—473 out of 677.

Nothing illustrated Congress' anger and determination to crush draft resistance as clearly as their "reform" of the draft act when it came up for renewal in June, 1967. In defiance of all critics, including a Presidential commission which called for constructive changes, Congress, led by Rivers and Sen. Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, vented its spleen on antagonists by adopting amendments—mainly directed against conscientious objectors and draft resisters—that set the draft law back twenty years.

Such heavy-handed governmental suppression of dissent, coupled with growing alarm over an expanding war, only intensified the rebellion among the resisters. But despite growing hostility between the government and many of its youth, no one a year ago could have predicted the future of the resistance movement—or whether it had any. It was still loosely organized, lacked power and prestige, and revolved around a cadre of young martyrs, such as David Miller, the first to be arrested for burning his draft card. It was still, to quote Paul Lauter, director of Resist, "a kook movement."

And it might have stayed that way except for the entry of Dr. Spock and friends. When this group began identifying itself with draft card turn-ins in 1967 and actively supporting draft resisters, the character, size and future of the anti-draft movement started to change. Dr. Spock and his fellows, by virtue of their age and status, lent the anti-draft movement a meaning, impetus and respectability that it otherwise probably could not have attained.

In all the controversy and interpretation surrounding Dr. Spock's action it has not been pointed out that by abetting young men in evading the draft he committed an unheard-of breach of the gentlemen's code concerning war. It is an inviolate, unspoken rule in every country that, as Arlo Tatum, executive secretary of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, put it: "Wars are fought with the determination of one generation and the blood of another." The old men conduct the war from the safety of the home front, while the impotent young (many not even able to vote) must kill and be killed at the bidding of their elders. In order for this system to work, society demands the complicity of the older generation—which until now has been virtually absolute.

We have only to look at the Selective Service System to see how firmly our youth are gripped by the hand of old age. Hershey, who has headed Selective Service for a quarter of a century, is 74 years old. Until this year men in their 80s were manning the local draft boards. Congress has now set a maximum age of 75, but in February Hershey appointed a man 76 years old as Selective Service state director of Colorado (a position not regulated by the maximum age law). The two most powerful pro-draft

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forces in Congress are Rivers, 74, and Russell, 70, who believe *every* young man should be drafted for his own good.

This insidious control of the young by military-minded older generations permeates the entire fiber of American society. As a result of World War I, World War II and Korea, we now have in this country a sizable number of veterans who say: "We served. Now why not you, too?" These middle-aged and elderly men, Kenneth Boulding, professor of economics at the University of Michigan, has pointed out, present the most formidable, psychological force for keeping the draft and wars alive.

Against the united front of an older generation, draft resistance has traditionally been a lone battle, waged by the young for the young. Refusing to go was a solitary action, meaning less in the chambers of power. As long as resisters were isolated from one another and from older generations, the threat from dissent was minimal.

From this viewpoint, the real crime of Dr. Spock and his followers is that they are challenging the morality of the silent conspiracy of older generations against the nation's youth. It is for no ordinary protest that Dr. Spock is being tried; he is being tried as a traitor to his generation. *For the first time in our history the older men, themselves safe from the draft, have joined forces with the young.*

That the government recognizes the significance of this unprecedented state of affairs is evident. The Justice Department reacted almost instantaneously, beginning as early as last summer to collect evidence for prosecution. They shelved hundreds of pending prosecutions of draft-card destroyers and draft noncooperators to strike directly at the heart of the more formidable enemy by filing charges against the older accomplices. Att. Gen. Ramsey Clark admits that the purpose of the prosecution is to crush the spreading support of draft violators by making an example of the five men.

As the government has rightly appraised it, one Dr. Spock is more dangerous to the war effort than 1,000 young draft-card burners. The manpower pool of draft-eligible men is so large—12 million from ages 18 to 26—that conceivably the government could, if time, facilities and public opinion permitted, lock up a few million draft resisters, and still have an oversupply of the 3.5 million men reportedly needed to sustain the war in Vietnam. But the government cannot tolerate the kind of rebellion Dr. Spock represents: a revolt in the ranks of the older generation, especially those with some status and influence. It cannot fill its prisons with doctors, and clergy and politicians and writers, without losing credibility as a free nation. Although it is highly unlikely that youth alone could ever form a mass movement strong enough to stop the war, it is not inconceivable that a coalition of youth and their older compatriots could be successful.

That the Spock and associates indictments are cementing an alliance of young and old war resisters is already strikingly evident. Prior to the arrests there was a general feeling, as one draft resistance leader phrased it, that "the resistance had run its course with the turning in of draft cards. It seemed at a dead end in its effectiveness." Now, says Paul Lauter of Resist, a one-time English professor and long-time opponent of the draft: "The growth of draft resistance is incredible. Two years ago there were probably only twelve boys who had turned in their draft cards; now there are at least 2,000, and all of them are out proselytizing. A recent poll of Harvard seniors showed that one-fourth of them would flee the country or go to prison rather than be inducted. Adults, some who have never participated before in anti-war activities, are rising to the defense of Spock and the others. For example, before the indictments Resist had contacts on seventy campuses; now we have contacts on 200 campuses. The persecution by the government is pushing people to more advanced positions than they otherwise would take." In other words, as Arlo Tatum puts it: "Without the help of the Justice Department we couldn't establish a movement."

As of now, in resister circles the outcome of the trial is seen as less important than the fact of its occurrence. Some compare it with the Dred Scott case in which, although Scott was forced back into slavery, the decision focused so much attention on the evil that the case became a turning point in the victory for abolition. Similarly, some believe the government cannot win in the Spock case,

'warning and notice'

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The public expression of dissent in Oakland, Calif., seems to have become a felony punishable by a three-year prison term. Last October, thousands of concerned people expressed their opposition to the Vietnamese War at the Oakland Army Induction Center. Among them were university professors, ministers, scientists, writers, artists and students.

Now seven of the demonstrators, all in their early 20s, have been singled out for prosecution on conspiracy charges. The "conspiracy"—a felony—consists of the defendants allegedly banding together to commit misdemeanors. Justice Robert Jackson once called use of the conspiracy charge "the prosecutor's darling."

Dist. Atty. J. Frank Coakley explained to the press: "Technically a hundred or even a thousand of the demonstrators could have been indicted for their actions. . . . We have to take the most militant leaders." He added: "The indictment procedure is a new one, a new policy we have adopted, and should serve as a warning and notice to people who would violate the law in so expressing themselves."

The prosecutor's "new policy" is designed to make an example of these seven—to silence dissent against the war. These are not nationally famous leaders like Dr. Spock; they are young people plucked out of the group to be isolated and punished.

We are horrified at this frank frontal assault on constitutional liberties. The law is being used to suppress the right of dissent.

The undersigned protest the indictments and urge support for the defendants. The cost of defending these cases may run as high as $50,000. Contributions can be sent to: Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund, 6468 Benvenue Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Kay Boyle — *Herbert Gold*
Jessica Mitford — *Mark Schorer*

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whatever the outcome. If the defendants are found innocent—all five are pleading not guilty—the verdict will give wide license to thousands of others to support draft resistance as a means of wrecking the Selective Service System and forcing a conclusion to the Vietnamese War. If they are convicted, they will exist in the minds of free men everywhere as the Martyred Five who followed the dictates of the Nuremberg Tribunal by placing their duty to oppose a criminal war above an allegiance to their country's leaders.

One does not see how the Justice Department could possibly prosecute the thousands of other men and women beyond draft age who, if Spock and his co-defendants are found guilty, must also be found guilty. And if the arrest of five men brought forth the support of thousands, how much support would the arrest of thousands produce?

Thus the government faces a problem that cannot be solved by the old method of locking up "draft dodgers" one by one. Because of the historic actions of Dr. Spock and others like him, the nation can no longer regard draft and war resistance as a product of the lunatic fringe. Resistance is no longer even spelled with a small "r," nor does it need the preceding words of "war" and "draft" to define its meaning. By both adults and youth who subscribe to its principles it is called simply The Resistance, a fact which in itself should give Washington's war leaders some indication of its strength and substance.

FIFTY-YEAR FLIRTATION

Our Illusory Affair With Japan

WALTER LaFEBER
Mr. LaFeber, professor of history at Cornell University, is the author of The New Empire (*Cornell University Press*) *and* America, Russia and the Cold War (*John Wiley*).

Once again anti-American riots have bloodied Japanese streets. And for the third time in seventy years important American spokesmen look hopefully to the Japanese as partners in stabilizing and developing Asia. The Fourteeen Scholars writing from Freedom House in December observed: "No concern of the United States in the Pacific is more vital than that Japan's emerging initiative in foreign policy should be exercised in such a way as to utilize her enormous potentials in support of world peace and prosperity." Praising Japan's economic growth as "extraordinary" (one of the few understatements in the entire document), the scholars nevertheless deeply regretted that "in political affairs abroad, she has remained largely inactive if not frankly isolationist." But this situation was improving: "Today, however, reviving self-confidence is moving Japan increasingly to a reassertion of an independent stance in world politics."

To anyone with a knowledge of 20th-century American history, these words have a familiar and ominous ring. They have been sounded at least twice before, in the 1895-1910 period and again during the 1920s and early 1930s. In each case American diplomats failed to find a proper spirit of partnership in their Japanese counterparts, and the second time the denouement was marked by a World War. Particularly since the Fourteen Scholars have urged a discussion of America's position in the Far East, the time is not too early to analyze briefly Japan's recent resurgence, the state of Japanese-American relations, and the unavoidable questions which arise about that relationship.

There are two bases for present American interest in Japanese affairs. First, the appalling costs of Vietnam have forced even the most outspoken proponents of American power overseas to wish that they had some respectable Asians to help pacify Asia. Second, the fantastic upsurge of the Japanese economy since 1961, and the resulting extension of Tokyo's influence into Korea, Thailand, Burma, the Philippines, Malaysia, China and Asiatic Russia, have rebuilt Japan into a political power throughout the Far East. This record should make historians, government officials and the Fourteen Scholars more cautious in their use of the term "isolationist," for in Japan as in the United States, expansion in the domestic economy has proved over a period of time to be inseparable from expansion of economic and political power abroad. To the Fourteen Scholars and many others, "isolationism" means: "You do not agree with my hopes for American (or Japanese) power." Only in that sense, indeed, are the Japanese "isolationist."

Electronic Bootstrap

The Japanese are developing and using their power in their own way. Their economic growth has made a worldwide impact. Japan's shipbuilding has led the world for a decade; in late 1967 it had twice the orders of its three closest rivals. Its automobile factories, producing more than 2 million units a year, challenge Germany for second place in the world market. Only the United States outranks Japan in electronics and computers. Its involvement in these two fields will increase, for Japan is superbly equipped in these key industries: it trains a large number of highly skilled technicians and engineers, and the industries have relatively little need for ground space and raw materials, items the Japanese lack in comparison with the United States.

Japan's ability to produce and market transistors is legendary, in part, no doubt because President de Gaulle once referred to a Japanese Premier as "that transistor salesman." The country has a chemical complex second only to that of the United States in the production of synthetic rubber, plastics and resin, rayon and acetate, noncellulosic fiber and caustic soda.

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Twenty years ago the Japanese were a defeated people fingering the rubble of burned-out and atomically bombed cities which were 80 per cent destroyed. An explanation for their success since then might begin with an observation by the editor of *Forbes*: the Japanese "work like hell." When they began to modernize in the late 19th century, the Japanese did not destroy their feudal institutions but tended to shift them into the industrial sector. Plants are consequently organized around a family concept of mutual obligation, with wages providing only a relatively small portion of worker incentive. This arrangement also means that unions are, in the Western sense, company unions. These characteristics not only explain Japanese craftsmanship and productivity, but create obstacles which prevent American capital from penetrating that country as it has Europe.

Japan has perhaps the most thoroughly rationalized and integrated business-government relationships in the non-Communist world. Its government bureaucracy is highly trained and efficient, and members move between business and government with a rapidity exceeding even that in the United States. This movement is particularly noticeable among some bureaucrats who upon reaching their 50s often move into key executive jobs in industry and banking. The economy's efficiency is further increased by close links between banks and industries. Japanese tend to invest their money in savings rather than in stocks which, in marked contrast to Western economies, make up less than 30 per cent of total business capital. This allows the banks to channel funds quickly and in volume into priority sectors of the economy.

Glitter and Squalor

Efficiency also results from concentration, a characteristic which Gen. Douglas MacArthur and other occupation authorities tried to purge from Japan in the immediate postwar years. By the mid-1960s, pro-Japanese observers admitted that the consolidation movement appeared to be evolving toward the situation of pre-World War II. A 1965 recession hurried this process. In 1966 a record 11,058 companies became bankrupt, and the giants sought help through mergers. The second largest auto producer, Nissan, merged with the fourth largest, Prince Motors, to become number one; this triumph was short-lived because the former number one, Toyota, merged with number eight, Hino, to regain the top position. In steel the two largest producers began to cooperate in scheduling sales. Some aggregations, such as Mitsubishi and Mitsui, carry the names of the 1930s. The economic power of these combines is unquestionable; their political power in the area of foreign affairs is a lesser known quantity.

That latter power now rests on total overseas assets of approximately $8 billion. Only the United States, Great Britain and West Germany claim more. In 1966 Japan was one of the few nations to export more capital than it imported. The economy as a whole is dependent upon overseas trade, particularly imports of raw materials and fuels.

The economic picture glitters in Japan, but beneath the surface are uneven development, squalor and disturbing political instability. Japan's economy was shaken by a recession in 1965-66 which cut its growth to 2.7 per cent for that fiscal year. One major channel of escape from this downturn was the Vietnamese conflict. Japanese growth jumped back to a 7.5 per cent rate after being stoked by $1 billion of American spending for Vietnam. This war-generated income not only spurred a general recovery but raised foreign trade, particularly imports, with the United States to a record high. Wars in Asia have recently occurred at opportune moments for the Japanese. During the Korean conflict $2 billion of American spending brought Japan's economy into full postwar recovery. The Vietnamese conflict has now stopped another skid. What that economy will do, and specifically what will happen to Japanese-American trade—the key to general relations with Japan—if the Vietnamese struggle tails off are vital questions.

The Japanese social structure is showing the strains of this economic resurgence. The country has become pockmarked by a mass movement of population from countryside to urban areas. This influx of cheap labor fuels the industrial renaissance, but it also creates severe problems of pollution, crime, juvenile delinquency and general resettlement, which not even the Japanese with their tradition and efficiency have been able to solve.

Liberalism, Socialism, Mysticism

These failures have caused political ripples. The Liberal-Democratic coalition, ruler of Japan for twenty years, has within the past year been severely challenged from within and without. The Liberal-Democrats themselves form factions which have to be carefully balanced by Premier Eisaku Sato. Such juggling was difficult even in a period of economic expansion, few foreign policy problems, and relatively minor social maladjustments. In January, 1967, the time of reckoning seemed to be approaching. For the first time in two decades the Liberal-Democrats won less than 50 per cent of the popular vote in the general elections. They continued to control a majority in the Diet, but had to do considerably more bargaining with opposition parties.

That opposition was also undergoing change. The Socialists have moved closer to Peking as the Communists have split and then tended toward Moscow. The Socialists paid for this reorientation by losing large numbers of votes which were picked up by two minor parties, the Democratic Socialists and the Komeito (the political apparatus of the Soka Gakkai, a mystical religious sect based on Buddhism which has expanded tremendously in Japan during the last seven to ten years). They won thirty and twenty-five seats respectively in the lower house. Komeito has been an especially interesting phenomenon. Meaning literally the "Clean Government Party," its rise has been remarkable, but this can be explained in part by the movement from countryside to city and in part by its mysticism. Soka Gakkai's numbers are largely comprised of agrarians newly resettled in the cities, shopkeepers, workers and women who want a political voice in a traditionally male-dominated society. For these reasons it is conservative enough socially so that it has been com-

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pared with the Poujadists in France, but it also is vocally anti-American and urges diplomatic recognition of Communist China. Robert Scalapino, one of the Fourteen Scholars, has precisely summarized the significance of these political changes: "Clearly, Japan lacks a consensus on foreign policy, now or for the foreseeable future."

Teddy Roosevelt's Partner

The United States is now urgently asking this rapidly changing Japan for help in staving off Asian revolutions and stabilizing the Far East so that both Japanese and American interests can prosper. The central question is whether American and Japanese interests coincide to the extent that policy makers assume. History provides some instruction, for on two other occasions, Washington urged Japan to do much the same thing, and each time the affair ended disastrously because the key assumption was wrong.

In 1900, after annexing the Philippines and announcing its great-power status in Asia through the open-door notes, the United States looked to Japan as its partner. The Japanese had been the one people to accept the notes with some enthusiasm, agreeing with Secretary of State John Hay that China and Manchuria must be maintained as a "fair field" with no unequal "favors" to any power. Japan was also the single nation which possessed the location, determination and resources to block America's number-one enemy in the area, Russia.

Alfred Thayer Mahan, the famous naval strategist who deeply influenced Theodore Roosevelt's views of Asia, heavily counted upon the Japanese to help the United States. Mahan—a 1900 version of the Fourteen Scholars as a one-man band—argued that the Japanese were "Teutonic by adoption" and comprised "the grain of mustard seed" which would regenerate all of Asia. Mahan and Roosevelt consequently did nothing to stop Japan from going to war with and defeating Russia in 1904-05. At the point when Japanese resources seemed to be reaching their limit, Roosevelt interceded to mediate the peace.

By 1907 Russia was indeed no longer a major threat in Asia. The United States had helped make Japanese power dominant. The Japanese proceeded to exercise that power. They conquered and closed off Korea. Roosevelt did not object. The Japanese next moved into southern Manchuria, shutting out the large amounts of American petroleum and textiles which had found rich markets there. Roosevelt thought this was going too far, and when on top of it the Japanese began to act up about American immigration legislation which discriminated against the "yellow peril," he sent the Great White Fleet on a show of force to the western Pacific. The Japanese received the fleet cordially, but their smiles hid a renewed determination not to be overawed or placed at the mercy of that fleet.

Roosevelt and his successor, William Howard Taft, both attempted to use American economic power to reopen Manchuria. T.R. soon realized the futility of the venture and retreated, but Taft persisted. The result was a surprising but easily formed partnership in 1910 between the two former enemies, Japan and Russia. Japan would control south Manchuria, Russia the north, and

Alfred Thayer Mahan

the United States would be largely excluded from both. Not for the last time Japan reached agreement with its old enemy in an attempt to exclude American power from Asia. By 1913 round one had ended with the collapse of United States policy.

Line Down the Pacific

Mahan now displayed the insight and courage to change his mind. In publications during 1910 and 1911, he no longer termed Japan "Teutonic by adoption" but a "problem state." He argued that a line should be drawn down the Pacific, with Japan controlling the western portion and the United States retreating to the area east of Hawaii-Samoa-Australia. Although continuing to argue that American might made right in the Western Hemisphere and Europe, Mahan had learned that Asian power politics were quite another matter.

Woodrow Wilson and the Republican administrations of the 1920s did not listen to Mahan's advice. As other powers focused their attention on World War I, Japan had tightened its control by forcing concessions within China and conquering the former German colonies on the periphery of Asia. After Wilson had failed to loosen the Japanese grip at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919, the new Republican foreign policy, formulated by Charles Evans Hughes and Herbert Hoover, tried another approach. At the Washington Conference of 1921, Japan, over the strong protests of our Navy Department, was given naval superiority in the western Pacific. This arrangement was written into the Five-Power Pact. In return, Japan signed a Nine-Power Treaty in which it guaranteed that the door to Chinese markets would remain open equally to all.

Or, to phrase the American policy in contemporary terms, the Japanese, in return for a supposed minimum build-up in armaments, promised to use their economic

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and military power to moderate the revolution raging in China, contain the Bolsheviks in Russia (whom the United States refused to recognize), and keep the entire area open for Western democracy and Western goods. The second round had now begun, and as it progressed it began to resemble the first. After trying to contain and exploit the Soviets by occupying parts of Siberia in 1919-20, Tokyo by 1925 had reached an accord with Moscow in which diplomatic relations were restored, trade resumed, and a division of labor implicitly worked out between the two powers. These agreements lasted for two decades, enduring through the hectic 1930s because the United States between 1932-34 rejected Stalin's requests for help against Japanese aggression in Manchuria. For the second time in a quarter century, Japanese and Russian interests proved not irreconcilable. They conveniently renewed their pledge of benevolent neutrality in April, 1941, on the eve of Hitler's attack on Russia and the Japanese strike against Pearl Harbor.

Journey to Pearl Harbor

With Soviet relations in order, the Japanese could take advantage of the turmoil within revolution-torn China. The major step occurred with the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. This move was caused by political pressures and instability in Tokyo and the need for markets and raw materials by Japanese industry, particularly that part producing increased amounts of military goods.

The United States was trapped. It had supported Japan since 1921 in the belief that the Japanese would contain and ultimately stabilize the revolution in the Far East, while, at the same time, acting properly toward American economic and political interests. When the Japanese struck Manchuria, President Hoover and Secretary of State Henry Stimson could not call on either the Russian or Chinese revolutionaries for help; the United States refused to admit officially that the former existed and could not bring itself to trust the latter. Hoover refused to use force against the Japanese. That could escalate into full-scale war, would be an admission of the failure of American policy and, besides, was no way to treat your major partner in the area. The Japanese moved on, renouncing the Five-Power Treaty in 1934, attacking China proper in 1937, and announcing an "East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere" in which Japanese economic power would stretch into and ultimately dominate Southeast Asia.

Cesare, Outlook

The Open Door

By 1939 American officials had begun drawing the line. They admitted that their Japanese policy in round two had been a failure. Vital exports to Japan were stopped and demands made that Tokyo withdraw its troops from China and Southeast Asia. Instead, the Japanese attacked Hawaii.

Third Time Around

After four years of bloodshed, round three opened with the United States determined to restructure Japanese society from the Emperor down. Under Gen. Douglas MacArthur's consulship, Hirohito was divested of his divinity, Shintoism banned, American-style farms mistakenly given to agrarians, the zaibatsu supposedly broken up, war criminals and Communists purged, and the famous Article IX, stating that Japan renounced war and would never again maintain armed forces for offensive purposes, inserted in the new Constitution.

These policies lasted for two years. In February, 1948, the Social Democratic government of Tetsu Katayama fell from power, and with it fell the reform program. That same year George Kennan returned from an official visit to Japan to recommend that the reforms and purges be slowed down so that the Japanese could control their own government. He suggested that American forces in Japan be reduced to "tactical" elements, with bases left for future negotiations. By early 1949 many American controls had been loosened.

Then came the fall of China to Mao and the explosion of the Russian atomic bomb in the autumn of 1949. In September, 1949, Secretary of State Dean Acheson and British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin agreed that Japanese-American relations must be regularized through a formal peace treaty. American bases in Japan would be retained and guaranteed through a separate security pact. The Russians bitterly complained that although they had been among the victors in the Pacific war, they were not included in the treaty negotiations.

Kennan evidently objected strongly to the militarization of Japan, but given his own premise that Japan was potentially the most potent power base in Asia and therefore necessary for American security, he had little room to maneuver. The treaty negotiations were placed in the

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hands of John Foster Dulles, and to make the new policy doubly clear, Washington signed assistance agreements with the French forces fighting in Indo-China in May, 1950. As the famed NSC-68 memorandum explained that spring, the United States would now have to lead a global war against communism. Containment was extended in detail to the Far East.

These American policies, particularly with regard to Japan, were doubtless a major reason why Stalin encouraged North Korea to attack across the 38th Parallel in June, 1950. The Soviets tried to strike at what they feared would be a NATO of the Pacific with a remilitarized Japan serving as the linchpin of the alliance. That attack, however, simply confirmed Washington's estimate of the Far Eastern situation. Japan once again would have to serve as the Asian bulwark against the Russian advance into Korea and China, just as the Japanese were to have been the bulwark in 1900 and 1921. This third time, we hoped to escape the distasteful side effects.

Fortress against the Dominoes

The peace treaty was rushed to completion in 1951 and the Japanese were free to repeal MacArthur's reforms if they wished. The islands prospered as the advance base for the American effort in Korea. Allies in Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines, however, had longer memories. They demanded American guarantees against future Japanese aggression. The State Department responded with the ANZUS and U.S.-Philippine security treaties.

Japan was now the American fortress in the western Pacific. A former Japanese possession, Okinawa, had become the key logistics base in the deployment of United States power around the southern rim of Asia. And as Japan became ever more important as a critical segment of the containment policy, the French effort in Vietnam began to weaken.

President Eisenhower described the relationship between the struggle in Indo-China and Japan in his famous news conference of April 7, 1954, when he first announced the theory of the "falling dominoes." In the response which contained the domino allusion (or illusion, as some would have it), Eisenhower outlined the economic value of Southeast Asia, its strategic importance, and then neatly summarized and concluded his remarks: "It [any "Communist" success in Indo-China] takes away, in its economic aspects, that region that Japan must have as a trading area or Japan, in turn, will have only one place in the world to go—that is, toward the Communist areas in order to live. So, the possible consequences of the loss are just incalculable to the free world."

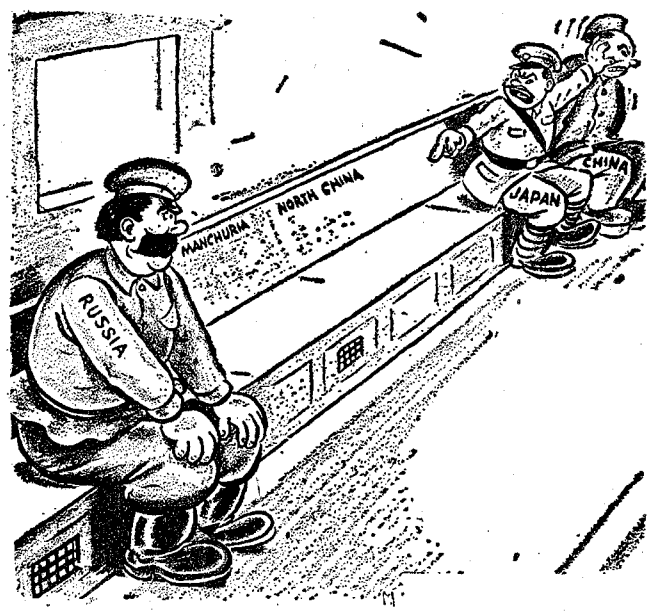
This thesis became a controlling assumption: the loss of Vietnam would mean the economic undermining and probable loss of Japan to Communist markets and ultimately to Communist influence if not control. At the NATO Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris on May 10, 1955, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles warned that "the stakes are too high" to give up the fight against Communist China, for "Japan represents an industrial capacity, which if combined with the manpower and raw material resources of the Continent would be formidable."

A month earlier, Dulles had announced a major change in American policies toward South Vietnam. Our aid would henceforth move directly from Washington to the Vietnamese, instead of through French colonial officers. This effectively terminated French influence in the area, but Dulles also explained its significance for Japan: the new policy undercut French monopolies and created "a competitive situation" in which "there is a good chance of Japanese textile goods, for instance, moving into Indo-China. The French are somewhat concerned about that . . . ."

Scramble for Markets

If, however, the United States hoped to keep the Japanese away from traditional markets in China and safe for the Western world, Washington, as in 1921, would have to provide a *quid pro quo*. Now, however, unlike 1921, Japanese forces were to be increased, and under American pressure Article IX was to become a dead letter. In 1954 Japan promised to increase its force of 110,000 men. So-called "depurges" returned many pre-1945 officials to public life. By the end of the 1950s Japanese war industries produced arms for Southeast Asian markets and, at one point, 200 Lockheed F-104 jets. Highly sophisticated anti-missile defenses appeared in the home islands, and Japan possessed a "defensive" missile capacity. It now seems safe to say that during this period the majority of Japanese did not want to rearm. The Tokyo Foreign Office shrewdly used these feelings to persuade the United States that Japan could rearm, but would have to do so in its own way and without undue American interference.

Despite all that Dulles was doing for them in Southeast Asia, the Japanese nevertheless wanted to resume trade with China, and trade did begin, despite the absence of any formal diplomatic relationship. In 1958, however, this link broke and Japan began avidly search-



Manning, The Cincinnati Inquirer

"Hey! Those Seats Are Taken!"

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ing for Western markets. A large influx of Japanese textiles and steel, among other items, met with a request from Washington that Japan place so-called "voluntary" restrictions upon these imports. Western European nations followed the American lead. The Japanese rightly denounced these moves as a violation of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, a pact which in happier days was an American-developed lever to increase free trade in the non-Communist world. Japan retaliated more directly by restricting imports of American goods. For this it was roundly denounced by the United States. In the midst of this economic warfare occurred the renegotiation in 1960 of the security treaty, the terrible riots preventing Eisenhower's visit, and the arrival of Hayato Ikeda as Prime Minister.

Return of 'Co-Prosperity'

Ikeda's economic "miracle" has been accompanied by increased Japanese activity throughout Asia. In early 1967 Japan had under way in Southeast Asia 400 major construction projects totaling more than $100 million. Five Japanese automobile companies control more than half the Thai market, and Tokyo-based textile and steel companies have begun extensive operations in that country. In Korea, a Japanese possession from 1905 until 1945, the former rulers have installed large machine tool companies and banks, and are increasing trade through the 1965 normalization agreement. One economic weapon has been the Asian Development Bank, strongly supported by President Johnson to develop the countries surrounding China. The Japanese matched the American contribution of $200 million to the bank, each nation's contribution being carefully tied so that the donor's money had to be spent on goods in the donor's country. Tokyo is stepping up its foreign aid program, again tying it to Japanese trade. Outside Asia, Japanese investors are moving large amounts of capital into Brazil, Saudi Arabia, and particularly Alaska and Canada, where Japan hopes to find badly needed oil.

Premier Sato, who displaced Ikeda in 1964, has said that his country's economy "has now evolved to the point where we can—and must—take a more active role in assisting in the development of Asia." Others use different terms. *U. S. News & World Report* outlined Japan's economic upsurge under the title: "New Idea for 'Co-Prosperity Sphere.'" Repeated references to the infamous Co-Prosperity Sphere of the 1930s have led Foreign Minister Takeo Miki and other officials to insist upon the term "Asia-Pacific Concept" to describe present Japanese plans.

Japanese relations with China have meanwhile moved away from the days when Dulles persuaded Japan not to sell steel pipe, machine tools and chemical fertilizers to Mao's regime. Shortly after Ikeda assumed power, negotiations began to regularize trade with the mainland. In 1962 the "L-T" agreement (named after the initials of the two key negotiators) initiated five years of government-sponsored trade which reached a peak of $621 million in 1966. This sagged to $560 million in 1967 when the agreement expired, but some of the loss has been made up through the operations of so-called "friendly companies" (Japanese companies acceptable to Peking) which accounted for 70 per cent of Sino-Japanese trade in 1967. In 1966 the Chinese ranked fourth among Tokyo's trading partners. This was abetted by a constant increase of tourism; some 4,000 Japanese visited China in 1966. The Red Guards and Mao's dislike of heavy Japanese trade with Formosa and Vietnam have strained relations. Indeed, the Soviets have replaced China as Japan's main source of trade within the Communist bloc. China recently replaced the Soviets at the bottom of a popularity poll conducted in Japan.

Groene Amsterdammer (Holland)

Russia and Japan Arrange a Treaty

Containment or Trade

The Japanese nevertheless continue to regard China as a great potential market, and Tokyo is less interested in "containing" China than Washington could wish. Former State Department official George R. Packard III, recently quoted a member of Japan's Defense Agency as complaining: "It seems that the Pentagon wants us to play the infield while you play the outfield against the Chinese." The Japanese prefer to penetrate the Chinese market, not contain it.

This attitude carries political overtones. In a Cabinet reshuffle in November, Sato moved into key positions men who were leading exponents of peaceful coexistence and trade with China. Sato's government did not rush to join the Asian and Pacific Council, becoming a member only after the Koreans and Thais promised that ASPAC would not concentrate upon the containment of China. After

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encouraging Japan to enter ASPAC, the State Department found Tokyo preventing the council from taking strong anti-Peking positions.

While attempting to restore historic ties with China, the Japanese also are improving relations with Russia. The two nations have not yet signed a formal peace treaty, but a consular agreement has taken effect and there are now direct commercial air flights between Moscow and Tokyo. In March, 1967, the two nations agreed

New York Times

Madame Butterfly

to increase mutual trade by 16 per cent. Most important, the Soviets are asking the Japanese to work jointly in the development of immense natural resources, including oil, copper, timber and coal, in Sakhalin and Siberia. A sore point is the Russian refusal to return southern Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, taken by Stalin in 1945. It is not a minor irritant, but as the Soviets point out, Japan can import their coal at nearly one-third the cost of American coal. Soviet oil resources also attract the Japanese, who must import 99 per cent of their petroleum, 65 per cent of it from the unstable Middle East. It also might well be that, made anxious by Vietnam, Japanese officials are beginning to view the Asian balance of power anew and, like their ancestors of the 1905-10 era, are turning toward cooperation with Russia.

Nuclear Allergy

Historical analogies must of course be used with great care, and particularly in this intance, for in the 1905-10 and 1921-40 periods Japan enjoyed a freer hand than now. No equivalent of the U. S. Seventh Fleet roamed the western Pacific. But this distinction must also be made with care. Do Japanese-American relations really rest upon overwhelming American military power instead of upon common economic and political interests? If so, the United States must step up its investment of military resources in the Pacific, not only to contain China and Russia but, in the long run, Japan as well. This is a peculiar type of "partnership," but it does have disturbing historical precedents.

A rearmed, nuclear-equipped Japan is no longer wholly imaginary. Article IX has become a convenient cover for the rebuilding of the image and power of the Japanese military. The Cabinet considers raising the Defense Agency to full ministerial rank; Sato urges the use of the terms "army," "navy" and "air force" instead of "self-defense forces"; and a forty-minute feature film has been made of military programs in West Germany, France, England, Switzerland and NATO headquarters to be shown in commercial movie theatres in Japan. The "self-defense" force itself has grown into a quarter-million-man army, and is still expanding.

Most significant, however, has been the development of Japan's nuclear power. It already employs advanced space and nuclear research programs for peaceful purposes, but these have been so developed that they can quickly be converted to military ends. The Chinese test explosions are having a marked effect on public opinion, and the Sato government is using brilliantly the strong Japanese desire to repossess Okinawa as a club to keep anti-nuclear politicians on the defensive. Sato has gained support rapidly in the past year with the argument that if Japan wants Okinawa, it must accept as permanent fixtures United States bases and the attendant nuclear weapons.

Interesting variations are being played on this theme. Takeo Fukuda, the most probable successor to Sato, announced in late December that Japan "must get away from the nuclear allergy." No street demonstrations erupted. Instead, Nobuhiko Uchiba, the parliamentary Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs expanded the argument to declare: "If we insist only that Japan will not possess nuclear weapons and will not permit their entry, it will be impossible to debate the future foreign policy and defense of our country." The Japanese ambassador in Washington announced that Japan should not surrender the possibility of controlling its own nuclear weapons, and Foreign Minister Takeo Miki refused to define or limit what the ambassador meant. Most ominously, Education Minister Hirokichi Nadao has proposed that primary and junior high school teachers be taught "defense consciousness," and that textbooks be rewritten so that Japanese children will appreciate future military programs.

Keeping Japan 'Sweet'

The growing centralization of Japanese education, expansion of the military, and Sato's apparent rush to make nuclear weapons politically acceptable form a combustible mixture. But the Japanese can ask whether these steps are not imperative if they are truly to end their supposed "isolationism." This question has become more urgent in the aftermath of Britain's announced military withdrawal from the Far East. Throughout much

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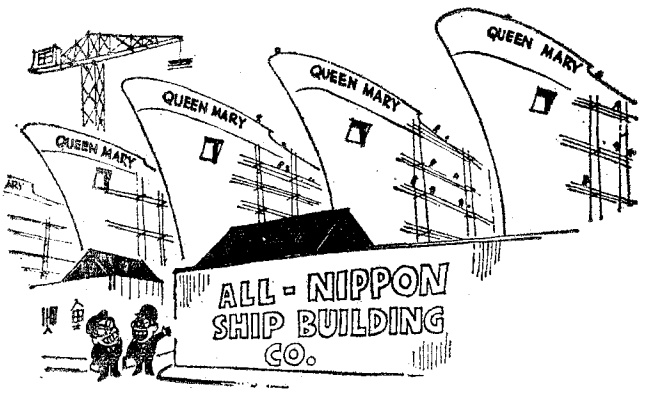
of this century England has cooperated closely with Japan along lines first indicated in the 1902 Anglo-Japanese agreement: Japan would respect Great Britain's primary Asiatic interest in India, and in turn London would not disturb Japanese expansion in Manchuria and parts of China. Together they would keep open the vital trade routes of the Indian Ocean and South China Sea. Britain kept its part of the bargain even when it had to assume an anti-American position as, for example, in the 1907-11 years. Now that the British have retreated, vacuums will appear, particularly in the vital Malacca Straits through which Japanese oil imports flow from the Middle East. Japan can no longer depend on British help, and given the historical record, may legitimately wonder whether it has enough common interests with the United States to work out a division of labor comparable to that developed with Great Britain. Japan will have to fend for itself militarily.

How the United States thinks it can keep Japan "sweet" (as Franklin D. Roosevelt liked to say), is not clear. The Japanese are not repeating the European mistake of allowing American corporations to enter and dominate their economy. Last May, George Ball called for an end to the traditional American open-door policy in Africa, to be replaced by a policy which would allow European politicians to worry about the political enigmas of Africa, and European corporations to develop African resources. He could do this with the confidence that American businessmen are so firmly entrenched in Europe that they will get their share even if Europe becomes politically dominant in Africa. No such easy view can be taken toward Japan's development of Asia.

Fighting Off the Dollar

Only $750 million of American money is invested in joint ventures within Japan. This is not expanding rapidly. Most Japanese agree that, generally speaking, American capital should be excluded. They can do this, moreover, because with the high rate of internal savings, Japanese banks can find the necessary funds and do not have to rely upon foreign money. In addition to the factor of control, the Japanese fear that an influx of American capital would bring with it a unionism which, because of its payment for production rather than for seniority, would undermine the traditional and highly fruitful Japanese labor-management relationship. When Tokyo did relent slightly and allow Nestlés and General Foods to enter the retail market, the two firms immediately took 80 per cent of the instant coffee market from Japanese retailers. No similar mistakes have been made in more vital areas. In July, 1967, when it appeared that American investors were quietly buying up gilt-edged shares of Sony Corporation, the Japanese Finance Ministry stepped in to stop all further purchases by foreigners.

After intense American pressure, Tokyo finally announced last July that it would allow American money into fifty types of businesses. The announcement was deceiving, for the seventeen types in which Americans were permitted to have 100 per cent interests included steel, shipbuilding and motorcycles, fields in which Japanese ownership is so solid that American money cannot compete. At the September meeting of the Joint U. S.-Japan Committee on Trade and Economic Affairs, the American delegation politely called the Japanese announcement of July "somewhat disappointing" and expressed "the hope that liberalization be accelerated as soon as possible." The Americans also complained about "recent measures which appear adversely to affect the operations of existing United States businesses in Japan."



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth
"There Seems To Be Quite a Demand for Them"

In his January 1 announcement that curbs would be placed upon the flow of U.S. dollars abroad, Mr. Johnson specifically exempted Great Britain, Canada, Australia and Japan, as well as the "developing countries." Why Japan was so favored is a fascinating question, the more so because the President immediately sent Under Secretary of State Eugene Rostow and Rostow's top deputy on a flying trip to Tokyo to explain the new measures personally to Premier Sato. Obviously, the United States has not given up on the Japanese market, but one may doubt whether Japan appreciates being lumped in with Great Britain, Canada and Australia, three nations which have become dependent upon American capital for development of many of their critical industries. These problems have not been offset by easing trade relations. Foreign Minister Miki complained to Secretary Rusk in September of "some visible tendencies in the United States and among American industry toward protectionist movements." Miki singled out textiles and steel as items requiring particular "cooperation" between Tokyo and Washington. It is extremely doubtful if that "cooperation" will be forthcoming. American steel imports in early 1968 are running 13 million tons above the comparable 1967 period, and Japan controls 45 per cent of that market.

'Confrontation' or 'Interplay'

In sum, the Japanese economy is booming, but the causes and results of this expansion should give pause, particularly when Japan's political instability seems to be increasing and its urban problems are becoming dangerous. The historical record gives no one the right to assume that Japanese-American interests in the Far East are compatible or even, in the long run, reconcilable. Tokyo's views of China and Russia, as well as its recent determination to overcome its "nuclear allergy," gravely

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compound the historical problems. Nor is there any reason to suppose that over a period of time American money and business management practices can bring those interests together. Sen. Mike Mansfield recently hoped that Japan would not rearm, but would instead concentrate on developing its economic power, so that "military confrontation" in Asia might be transformed into "economic interplay." This is only a wish, not a set of assumptions on which policy can be based. A more accurate view was provided by a delegation of Japanese businessmen and politicians who told visiting American dignitaries last September in Shimoda that the future political position of Japan "is obviously going to be different from what it is now," and then warned that over the next few years Japanese foreign affairs would become increasingly independent.

Bloodshed for Motorcycles

Given the current American determination to save Asia from Asians, there are apparently only two broad policy alternatives. First, the United States can continue to rely upon military intervention to "contain" China. That is the course the Johnson Administration thinks it is pursuing in Vietnam. It is ironic that despite the impetus Vietnam has given the Japanese economy, Tokyo differs with the United States on fundamental aspects of that conflict. Foreign Minister Miki has publicly called the struggle "a civil war." Japanese public opinion is such that when President Johnson hoped to visit Tokyo after the Manila Conference of October, 1966, the Japanese Government immediately rejected the President's plans. Sato refused to be connected publicly in such a manner to the American war effort.

The State Department says that Japanese officials express in private appreciation for the American military involvement since it has kept Asian Communists off balance and protects the key Japanese raw material and market areas in the southwestern Pacific. But if such views are stated, they inevitably raise a further question, which Prof. Thomas McCormick has phrased precisely: is the United States sacrificing more than 16,000 of its young men "in order to make Southeast Asia safe for Japanese economic interests"?

No State Department spokesman has tackled that question, although it has been circumvented numerous times since Eisenhower first outlined the Vietnam-Japan relationship in 1954. The former President recently suggested that it would perhaps be better not to discuss this particular aspect of the war at the present time. If indeed American blood is not being shed for Japanese motorcycle manufacturers, a second policy alternative appears: the United States has committed more than half a million men to Southeast Asia in order to advance its own strategic and economic interests. Given the rising political and economic stake in the area (including the recent establishment of American branch banks which want, as one of their officials phrased it, to be in on the "ground floor" when Vietnam is reconstructed), this seems the more enlightened alternative for Washington "realists." It and the increased exhortation that the Japanese end their supposed "isolation" mean that, given a "fair field" (that is, a field without Communist or left-wing nationalist agitation to interrupt the play), the United States and Japan could truly form the partnership and have the "economic interplay" for which the Fourteen Scholars and Senator Mansfield have such high hopes.

The prospect may look rosy, but we should be aware that we have already visited where the Fourteen Scholars and Senator Mansfield now want to take us. They are not pioneers. Some years ago another Democratic politician proclaimed that Americans and Japanese would march "shoulder to shoulder" to develop Asia. That was Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1923.

NO PORT FOR THE *PHOENIX*

GEORGE LAKEY
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Anti-war groups protest in many places: the Pentagon, induction centers, napalm plants, city halls. I have lately been part of an effort to take the protest into the very zone of war itself, in the voyage of the Quaker ketch *Phoenix* to South Vietnam.

The *Phoenix* had been in the news in March, 1967, as a ship which carried medical supplies to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in violation of a United States law that forbids "trading with the enemy." I expected that fact to complicate my discussion with the Ministry of Health in Saigon in October, 1967, but the officials seemed to take in stride the proposal of a Quaker Action Group to bring $6,000 worth of newly purchased medicines to South Vietnam, to be divided equally between the Red Cross and the militantly anti-war Buddhists. Even the information that we intended later to take a medical cargo to the Red Cross of the National Liberation Front did not seem to disturb them.

Consequently, when the eight-man crew sailed the *Phoenix* out of Hong Kong harbor on November 14, seven of us had South Vietnamese visas; the State Department had invalidated the passport of skipper Robert Eaton, 24, who had shipped as first mate on the voyage to Haiphong. The voyage to Danang passed without incident except for some seasickness, and we began to grapple (amusingly, in retrospect) with the problem of how to respond to red-carpet treatment in Danang.

We were told that the anchorage where we were to

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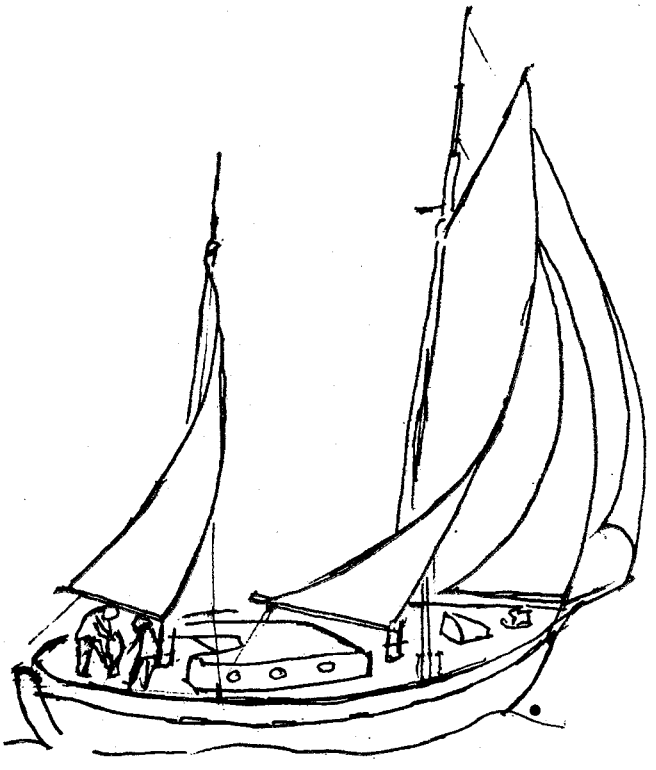

remain the night of the 19th was safe and that we could proceed to Danang docks in the morning. But how safe is an anchorage near a hillside which is raked by tracer bullets from the gunboat escorting you? For that matter, how coherent could our strategy discussions be when shells whistled over our mast and exploded on the beach several hundred yards away—not to mention the shells which do not quite make it to the beach?

However misleading our South Vietnamese naval escorts may have been about the peacefulness of the vicinity, they were dead wrong about our going to the docks next morning. A Vietnamese official came out from Danang on the morning of the 20th to inform us that we must leave within a day. He could offer no explanation. We gently explained that we had sailed a long way and had no intention of leaving voluntarily, especially without receiving even the courtesy of an explanation. After formally requesting an opportunity to meet with responsible officials, we set to work devising our response to a forcible towing. We had learned our first lesson of direct action in a war zone—there is no Civil Liberties Union to telephone.

While we were waiting for the next governmental move, the press hired a launch and twice attempted to get to us. Both times they were rebuffed; once, we heard, with machine-gun fire across the bow for emphasis. We learned our second lesson—in a war zone one cannot count on the protection afforded by publicity. We were alone, with gunboats guarding us, an NLF-contested hillside facing us, and even reputedly poisonous sea snakes in the water around us.

We wrote a letter to the captain of South Vietnamese naval vessel #602, the gunboat standing by. After explaining our mission of identification with the victims of war, we announced that, should towing be attempted, we would begin jumping overboard, and would try to reach shore and make our way to a responsible official to begin human dialogue. We affirmed our good will toward him and his crew and our intention to be nonviolent in our actions. After providing fuel, water and repairs for our electrical system, the government on the 21st again urged us to leave on our own. We again refused, and as dusk approached and gunboat #602 moved toward us we put on life jackets.

Dr. Harrison Butterworth, 48, a professor at Ohio University, was the first overboard. We saw gunboat #610 try to maneuver between him and the shore; then we lost sight of him as three Vietnamese sailors jumped in to get him.

I was next in the water. I shall never forget the bizarre scene—the warm water, the mast of the *Phoenix* seemingly intertwined with the larger gunboat against the darkening sky, the spotlight from #610 now blinding me and now missing me as I swam toward shore, the shouts of the Vietnamese officers as #610 maneuvered close to me, the splashes as four sailors jumped into the water. As they surrounded me the English-speaking one asked if I would grab the line. I refused but smiled as I explained they would have to force me, but that I loved them and would not try to hurt them. He grinned back and I suddenly saw the strangeness of the five of us bobbing about in the South China Sea like corks, spotlighted in our smiles of human understanding. As he was wrapping the line around my waist he said, "Excuse me," and then I was pushed and hauled up the side of the gunboat.

We learned our third lesson—even the brutalization of war cannot prevent the human spirit from breaking through. On being returned to the *Phoenix* I learned that Harrison Butterworth had outswum his pursuers and reached shore. Towing operations were suspended and #602 backed away.

While we were anxiously praying for his safety, Harry was walking down the road toward Danang. He had made 2 miles when United States Marine sentries halted him and gave him a bed for the night before taking him to the Vietnamese commander for the Danang area. There Harry was told that the reason for our unenthusiastic reception was connected with the Saigon government's hostility to the anti-war Buddhists, to whom we had consigned half our cargo.

"We regret towing," read the signals from #602 as it towed us out, with Harry now back aboard the *Phoenix*. Three days had passed since we came into the area. We were not giving up, however, and conducted a "sea vigil" for three days, hoping for a change of heart in the government. It was not forthcoming, and after an interlude at the South Vietnamese Naval Base at Danang to make arrangements for Harrison Butterworth, now ill, to fly to Hong Kong, we set sail for Cap St. Jacques.

Cap St. Jacques (in Vietnamese, Vung Tao) is the rendezvous for ships wishing to go up the Saigon and Mekong Rivers. Testing our hypothesis that the rejection at Danang was connected with a veto of our mission by

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regional authorities for local reasons, we planned to wait three days to see if the port at Saigon was open to us. Those days at Vung Tao were strained.

There was a stream of incidents which we could interpret only as efforts to intimidate us. A United States patrol launch circled us with deck-mounted machine gun pointing steadily in our direction, and a sailor stood by with another machine gun ready. A Vietnamese gunboat shot tracer bullets parallel to us and machine-gun fire into the water near us. More dangerously, the gunboat again and again crossed immediately in front of us; we once avoided a collision only by jamming the engine into reverse. This harassment usually occurred in the evening when the ocean seemed very large and our small boat very vulnerable. When we were told that the government remained unmoved, we were not entirely reluctant to set sail for Sihanoukville, Cambodia.

There we learned our fourth lesson, for we unwittingly sailed into an international storm over charges that the NLF was using Cambodian territory for sanctuary and Sihanoukville as a source of supplies. We had been considering giving some of our cargo to the NLF Red Cross in Phnom Penh (since our program includes humanitarian aid to all sides), but from the viewpoint of the severely threatened Cambodian Government this was exactly the wrong time for such a project. The fourth lesson was: be willing to invest in expensive communications equipment, because a lot can change in twenty-seven days at sea.

Our morale picked up, however, when we began swimming in the Gulf of Siam, hiking on an island off which we were anchored, and eating bananas, papayas, oranges and coconuts. This part of the direct action program of A Quaker Action Group was over.

What had we accomplished? We had failed to deliver our medical cargo to the South Vietnamese Buddhists and Red Cross. That can probably be done soon in a quiet way. We had succeeded in convincing skeptical Vietnamese (especially Buddhists) that there are some Americans who will go to great lengths to identify themselves with the Vietnamese people in their time of suffering. We had dramatized the contradictions of a society at war, where the genuine needs of the Vietnamese people are sacrificed to the political self-interest of a shaky and unrepresentative regime.

The final lesson that we learned—this time, about ourselves—might be as relevant to the American scene as to direct action in a war zone. We reacted very differently to the confrontations at Danang and at Vung Tao. At Danang we felt no hostility toward the men who were holding us incommunicado: one of our new verses to an old folk song went

"To the crew of 602,
Don't you know that we love you?"

At Vung Tao we were more than angry with the harassment: we were resentful toward the men who did it. Why the difference? The major reason, I believe, is that at Danang we were able to think of tactics which gave full vent to our feelings of frustration: consequently there was no need for bitterness in our hearts or in our rhetoric. At Vung Tao, on the other hand, we did not think of a way to respond to the harassment: all we could do was "hold on" and feel the resentment rising.

But that is analogous to what so many of us in the protest movement do at home—hold on to our jobs and security and feel the resentment toward the government and its policy rising. True, the resentment may issue forth in violent rhetoric, but far from making us revolutionaries, the rhetoric only reveals the gap between belief and action, reveals our lack of genuine commitment.

Can we devise tactics which express our righteous indignation toward American foreign policy? If so, will they be tactics which express the substance of radical commitment or just a blustery style of anger? If the substance, will we risk enough to carry out those tactics?

The direct action venture of the *Phoenix* in the war zone, whatever its effect may prove to be in other ways, finally taught me a little more about myself than I really wanted to know.

RHETORIC IS NOT ENOUGH

Michigan Democrats in Disarray

DOUGLAS CRASE
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Ann Arbor

Michigan's rambunctious Democratic chairman, Zolton Ferency, sent a nervous jiggle across the party seismograph last fall when he urged his party to produce a substitute for Lyndon Johnson at the national convention in August. The few Democrats who remain in high state offices scrambled to "dissociate" themselves from Ferency's statement and requested his resignation. National chairman John Bailey loosed a barrage of unprintable expletives. In two months there was a new name, Sander Levin, on the chairman's door in Lansing, and Ferency was practicing law in Flint.

Since Ferency's removal was occasioned by his dovish anti-LBJ statement, peace Democrats across the nation helped themselves to another martyr. Much was missing, however, from the popular image of Ferency as a casualty of the war in Vietnam. Dissatisfied Democrats outside the state, who listen to the traveling Ferency, and fasten on Michigan as an illustration of their problems and possibilities, would do well to remember that his fate cannot be understood apart from the politics of the Auto State.

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Ferency's tenure as Democratic chairman began one month after George Romney moved boisterously into the Statehouse that had been Democratic for fourteen years. No party could maintain its organizational vitality in face of the evictions that Romney visited on the Democrats. U.S. Sen. Philip Hart consistently declined to help harness and revivify his party. Would-be leaders from all the party's discontented groups sought to fill the vacuum. Last year, many began to grativate toward the infant Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats (MCCD). The glue of party cohesion was coming unstuck, and membership and fund-raising drives all failed to restore party health.

Though Romney is largely responsible for this Democratic disarray, many Democrats, liberal and old guard, accuse Ferency of contributing to their party's disintegration. Ferency made no attempt to put in motion an organized, continuous resistance to Romney's advances. In fact, party organization didn't seem to interest him at all. "Zolton is great at going around the state and making speeches about the need for new directions," moaned one party orderly, "but when it comes to thinking up ways to keep them involved in the districts, he's just not there."

Ferency's popularity with Detroit labor delegates, the black caucus and the intellectual Left might have saved him had it not been for his inexplicable propensity to go on sounding and acting like the party challenger when he was supposed to be its chairman. His "dump LBJ" statement, for example, was issued only twelve hours after a leadership meeting in Detroit, at which he had given no sign of his intentions. When the furor arose, he maintained that he had been misinterpreted—he had not called for a dump-Johnson movement. Within one week, however, state Democratic publicity director James Harrison, the Sancho to Ferency's Quixote, had resigned to form the first McCarthy for President committee in the nation. And after his own resignation, Ferency, although withholding endorsement of the Minnesota Senator, urged Democrats to "join McCarthy's cause and support his challenge."

Ferency had been asked to resign before. The clamor over his dump-Johnson statement provided the perfect occasion. It is thus a mistake to attribute his fate to an organized inquisition designed to keep Michigan pure for Dean Rusk. But it would be equally deluding to dismiss Ferency as a Michigan aberration that can be safely ignored by Democratic politicians at large.

In Michigan, the Democratic Party was made according to the familiar New Deal recipe—labor, urban minorities, intellectuals, the poor—although Michigan necessarily leaned heavily on the labor ingredient. But as labor moved out of Detroit to the suburbs, becoming increasingly satisfied and conservative as it went, the coalition began to lose cohesion and appeal. Now Vietnam and the unresolved misery of the ghettos may be the final demolition charges under the New Deal structure. For the anti-war Left and for an increasing number of urban blacks, the whole Democratic house is becoming downright unlivable.

The New Deal coalition, as Princeton Prof. Edward Schneier pointed out recently ("The New Tide of National Politics," *The Nation*, January 22), worked as long as there was consensus among the interest groups on basic ideology. But, says Schneier, "to satisfy either the anti-war groups or the ghettos . . . is to provoke conflict, and conflict is precisely what interest-group liberalism seeks to avoid." Like Democrats everywhere, Michigan Democrats have tried to absorb the two great issues into the New Deal sponge. The party, they assert, is big enough for all liberals.

But it is precisely the fear that the party is *too* big that is the unstated core of the dissenters' complaints. They worry that if they stay Democrats they will lose political relevance in a party that cannot be persuaded to try their alternatives because it is wedded to the dominant consensus. Since World War II, politics has stopped at the water's edge. Now that Detroit has attempted to solve its problems by enlisting the joint efforts of such as Henry Ford II, J. L. Hudson, Jr., and Walter Reuther, the dissenters fear that the coalition of which they are part expects politics to end at the ghetto's edge too. It is the resulting frustration, as Schneier has suggested, that is jiggling Michigan's New Deal structure in 1968, and which could shake it to the ground by 1972.

To cope with their frustrations, the rebels have begun to coalesce around the newly hatched Conference of Concerned Democrats. The Michigan branch has registered 500 names since it began accepting memberships in January, and it is aiming for a roster of 2,000 to 3,000 by election time. (Regular dues paying Democratic membership stood at 15,000 in the last election year.) Encouraging gestures of support have come from important but unorthodox figures such as Detroit Mayor Jerome Cavanagh, Negro Congressman John Conyers and, of course, Ferency.

In public, CCD-ers talk excitedly about taking a McCarthy delegation to Chicago, but in more sober private moments they are likely to admit that any such attempt is just another scrimmage with the windmills. Michigan's delegation will be named at the state convention this summer, and the delegates to *that* convention are picked in the counties by conventions whose make-up was determined in 1966, before the MCCD was even conceived. Thus the predominant character of the Michigan delegation makes it largely proof against anti-Johnson tampering.

Two districts from Detroit's inner city are planning to send uncommitted delegates to the state meeting. But, while this is encouraging to peace Democrats, it is mostly significant as a black attempt to gain leverage within the Michigan party, and the conduct of these two delegations will hinge on that struggle, not on Vietnam.

The imposing presence of labor also confronts the MCCD. In 1967 labor dropped its powerful convention caucus, partly to appease charges of labor domination, but mostly because politics were such last year that there was little a caucus could accomplish. In 1968 the stakes will be higher, and it will be difficult for state AFL-CIO President Gus Scholle, whose Executive Board has endorsed Johnson's policies, to sit out the convention game. True, Michigan's UAW leaders have not all been wholehearted

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in their devotion to the President's conduct of the war. Victor Reuther and Emil Mazey both spoke last fall at the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace. But few labor people have expressed even private interest in the peace candidacy of MCCD member Jerome Dupont, a Congressional hopeful in Ann Arbor. The most realistic assessment of labor's attitude came from the state McCarthy chairman, who warned his committee: "We can't expect much help from labor."

MCCD support remains spotty, centering around university towns like East Lansing and Ann Arbor, and the districts deep within Detroit. Mounting a serious challenge across the state will require organizational muscle that the MCCD does not possess. Its urgent needs now are to define its relation to the regular organization, and to find a leader who can command state-wide attention and provide state-wide direction. But its dilemma is that leaders are necessary to help define the organization's role, and those who have been asked, such as Cavanagh and Conyers, will not commit themselves until the problem of role definition has first been solved. By then, the liberal new party chairman, Sander Levin, may have reclaimed enough of the Democratic Left to give the MCCD an incurable case of political rickets.

The MCCD benefits from the emergence of a more militant attitude among many black Democrats. The large Negro vote is crucial in Michigan; Democrats like Mennen Williams and Jerome Cavanagh probably owe their careers to it. In Detroit, the 600,000 Negroes are about 40 per cent of the city's population, and may reach the magic halfway mark by the next census. Black aspirants for Mayor Cavanagh's job are certain to appear in 1969. Both of the delegations that will go uncommitted to the state convention have Negro Congressmen.

One of these is young John Conyers, Jr., who traces Democratic weaknesses in Michigan to the "unwillingness of many to merge around the only able leader we have—Zolton Ferency." Conyers' record includes one of the sixteen votes against last year's flag-burning bill, and one of four against appropriations for Vietnam. Because of the indulgent nature of his constituency (Conyers' district embraces much of the area of last July's rebellion) these votes are not as brave as they seem at first glance. Nevertheless, they have given him considerable stature with the white Left in the MCCD.

Conyers welcomes the new spirit of black independence as a way to force the Michigan party into a deeper commitment to black problems. Democratic reaction to these pressures will largely determine the future of the Michigan party. And here, not on Vietnam, is where Democrats will have their most agonizing difficulties.

The party's racial trials begin, and will possibly end, with relations between labor and the Negro. No matter how enlightened Walter Reuther may be, the all-important position of "Labor" will ultimately be determined by the myriad of unrecorded encounters, at the precinct, county, district, and door-to-door levels, between white union men and their erstwhile black allies in the party that white laborers once considered wholly their own.

To date, those encounters have promised badly for future party unity. In the 1964 primaries, for example, the UAW officially endorsed both Conyers and his Negro opponent, but UAW rank and file worked almost exclusively, if unofficially, for Conyers' more "acceptable" opponent. Conyers won the primary by only 100 votes, and he has not forgotten it.

More recently, black militants under the leadership of Rev. Albert Cleage, Jr., organized an inclusive Federation for Self Determination to focus ghetto power and influence the work of the prestigious New Detroit Committee which seeks to revitalize the city. When a rival, and "moderate," black group was organized, its press releases issued from the office of Horace Sheffield, in the UAW's glass-walled Solidarity House. Neither Walter Reuther nor *the* UAW was aware of Sheffield's intentions, but the impression of union interference is impossible to avoid, for Conyers and other militants are not impressed by the argument that the UAW cannot control the political actions of its staff. "If some union official had tried to undercut Williams," complains one bitterly, "Reuther would have clamped down faster than a Ford comes off the assembly line." The strained relations between organized labor and militant black Democrats will undergo their most severe test in 1969, when black candidates seek the mayor's office in Detroit.

The party will try to contain its racial tensions. "The urban crisis," says Chairman Levin, "is really a crisis of all our society, including the suburban areas around the urban centers." In the suburbs, however, Levin faces a number of anxious little George Wallaces who antagonize the black wing of the party by advocating stronger police powers, comprehensive anti-riot measures, and who campaign against state-wide open housing. Of forty-five white Democrats in the state House of Representatives, twenty-eight copped out on open housing when the bill came to the floor last year.

Levin also faces the problem of improving communications between white liberals and Negroes. In 1967, black Democrats introduced in Lansing a bill providing for the election of Detroit's nine-man common council from wards, rather than at large. As of now, only one councilman is black, a situation which the ward system could rectify. The measure failed and has been reintroduced this year, but Democratic liberals in Lansing have not yet seen that the ward plan is a hot issue, even though representation in local government is more important to ghetto blacks than the open housing bill which has bestirred liberals to heights of oratory in the state capitol. The failure of white Democrats to recognize which issues are important makes them easy targets for Conyers' charge that they "want to play around the fringes of important questions without ever meeting them."

By the same token, perhaps the greatest potential strength of the MCCD is the happy black-white relationship it has so far enjoyed. However, the conference has not yet dealt with specific political problems, and its unity may dissolve when confronted with real choices. The danger is that the white Left will prove to be a one-issue lover; that when Vietnam is no longer an arousing cause, it will fade away into the mainstream, leaving black rights

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betrayed once more. The result will hinge at least partly on how well the black militants educate their white allies while they are by disposition willing to listen—and in desperate need of black support. Here, too, the test may come in Detroit's next election for mayor. If Cavanagh runs again, challenged by a Negro who is sure to be supported by Conyers (if it is not Conyers himself), the strain could rupture the MCCD.

Regardless of all the fuss over the MCCD in Michigan, it is not going to walk away with any challenge cups this year. The real question now is this: if the elections of 1968 produce another four years of frustration politics for radical Democrats, what will be the fortunes of the MCCD and the regular Michigan party?

The MCCD is the single dissident Democratic group visible in Michigan. There is no confusing welter of factions in the California style. The MCCD has managed to make the situation look simpler than it really is: there are the old regulars and then there are the progressive people who want a change. Four more years of frustration could give that dishonestly oversimplified position an irresistible appeal to those who have lost patience, and, hopes the MCCD, to the virgin voters surfacing between now and 1972.

A second factor which makes the emergence of the MCCD crucial is that Michigan's Democratic Party is a volunteer organization. There is little patronage and little control over nominations with which to shore up party strength. Instead, Democratic unity has been achieved in the past by building a programmatic, issue-oriented party closer to the European model than any other party in the United States. Program not only replaced patronage as party cement; program became a kind of psychological patronage. Michigan's party worker went to the doorbells not for money or jobs but for an issue; and, in the days of Mennen Williams, his reward came from the knowledge that the issue, even if never resolved, was at least taken up by the candidates for whom he worked.

In contrast was the mood of 1966 when one Congressman heatedly told his volunteers that Vietnam was not to be an issue in his campaign. Many of the volunteers, for whom Vietnam was *the* issue, left in disappointment. A write-in campaign was begun for a peace candidate, and the election was ultimately lost. That the party is in desperate need of new psychological commitment, its status and this example demonstrate. If it ignores, or only half-heartedly meets, the issues that are vital to many of its workers, black and white, it will swell the ranks of both the MCCD and the political dropouts.

Levin, who has a master's degree in international relations from Columbia, and a *cum laude* law degree from Harvard, is eager to meet the test. "The challenge of 1968," he says, "is to be strong organizationally and vigorous intellectually. It may be more difficult in 1968, but it is more important."

But Levin must supervise the disintegration of the old coalition while simultaneously helping his party to fashion a new one. His and the party's first task is to define that new coalition in such a way that the *party* can tap the tremendous political power in the protests of the white Left, the black militants and discontented youth. At the same time, he must guard against a heavy loss of labor support.

Orthodox Democrats claim that the party cannot bend its consensus without betraying its constituency. That argument misses the point, for the present turbulence demonstrates that the party has already ceased to represent a cohesive constituency. It also overlooks the fact that parties whose constituencies are disintegrating must fight to create new coalitions, as Franklin Roosevelt's party did in 1936 when it built the structure that has governed the United States for thirty years. As it approaches the 1970s, the party must be willing to lead the way, as Mennen Williams and Neil Staebler led, and sometimes dragged, the immobilized Michigan party into the New Deal twenty years ago.

Levin's second task is the tireless building and servicing of functioning party conferences and committees, in order to involve each tentatively committed worker. Already he has set idle party automobiles in motion toward conferences and committee meetings. New weekend-issues meetings have been scheduled to devote full days to wrangling on subjects like Vietnam.

This kind of party interaction will hearten people who might otherwise have left in indifference, or turned to the MCCD. In fact, the MCCD is happy with Levin's new plans, and has encouraged its members to participate actively. If he succeeds in alleviating their frustrations by giving them a role and a voice in what is, overall, still the most liberal major party in any state, he will render the MCCD unnecessary.

Ferency's failure, ironically, was that he could not fully involve the CCD people, his own supporters, in his own party. He talked about a new coalition, but was without the political resources to build it, block by block, in the face of the older structure. His criticisms painted his own party in such unattractive terms that he actually scared the Left into the MCCD. He became the most vocal dissenter from the organization he tried to lead.

If apprehensive Democrats around the country want to make Michigan an example of something, it should be this: the Democratic Party cannot be moved from its crumbling foundations to stronger ones with only rhetoric and pickets. To lay the new foundations will require the same hard political spadework that built the great Michigan structure of the 1950s. It will also require its builders to get their hands dirty with the political mortar of compromises and deals to hold the party walls together. Radical Democrats should watch the Auto State hopefully for clues. For this, muses Levin, "is the Michigan party's experimental period."

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COPS AND PEOPLE

THE OFF-DUTY GUN

KENNETH G. GROSS
Mr. Gross, a reporter on the New York Post, *is completing, with Bernard Lefkowitz, a book on the Wylie-Hoffert murder case.*

The reassuring pat, slap, pat against the thigh is like the loving stroke of a mother with her baby, and it has a lulling, smiling effect. Slap, pat, slap, and their faces, stonelike, reflect nothing except the slightest degree of cockiness as they walk past. They are armed men, on and off duty, and dangerous.

"Take my gun away!!!" Suggest it and watch their faces. It is almost too embarrassing to see the instinctive motion to check that it is still hanging there, and the relief. Some suggest that the whole business is phallic, but it is far more dangerous than that.

It is the gun, the deadly potential, the implicit threat that makes cops different. They should be forced to check their pistols at the precinct door. An off-duty cop should not be armed. He should be an ordinary citizen, taking his chances, just like me, with the city. He might begin to understand what it is like to be a defenseless citizen in an armed camp.

It is the gun that changes him and makes him different. And it is the authority, usually the obligation, to carry the gun off duty that makes him different on duty. He begins to think of himself as different. He sets up a different category of personnel. People and cops. Creeps and cops. Threats and cops.

"Off-duty cop kills mugger"; "purse-snatcher killed by off-duty cop"; "cop shot while asleep by wife"; "policeman's son shoots himself in the head with dad's gun."

Those are real headlines about a real danger. How often does an ordinary mortal mistake a cop for an ordinary mortal and pay for it with his life? But let us assume that the level of risk is acceptable. It's not, but let's assume it, because the more important issue is the permanent warp the gun puts in the mind of the cop. That warp stays with him on or off duty, but on duty it at least carries with it the obvious weight of the law. The cop who carries a gun off duty begins to think of himself as permanently different; a special human being who embodies the law, who exerts his force to implement the law, who *is* the law. So on duty he begins to convey a certain arrogance.

The John Birch Society puts out a monthly bulletin in New York, in which every so often they tease the city's finest by suggesting that there are plans afoot to disarm a certain precinct, unnamed, in Queens. These reports create such counterrevolutionary anxiety that police brass go double lengths to deny them. The reports also increase Birch membership in the department, since cops become convinced that only such forces as the Birch Society care about their right to bear arms.

Of all major American cities, only Philadelphia gives policemen the option to carry their weapons off duty. Invariably they carry them. Why? "The policeman is apart and must maintain a certain status," explains Dr. Ralph S. Banay, consulting psychiatrist to the New York City Police Department. "Too much familiarity with the community at large could create problems of contempt for authority." In other primitive societies, symbols are carried by medicine men, witch doctors, chiefs, et al.

In July of 1964, Lieut. Thomas Gilligan, off duty, watched a 15-year-old Negro boy named James Powell toss an ash can cover at a Manhattan landlord who was spraying other teen-agers with water from a hose. What happened next took seconds. Powell appeared to turn on Gilligan and Gilligan drew his pistol and fired three times, killing Powell. Three days later Harlem sputtered and flared into five bloody days of rioting—the first in the long hot-summer series.

The point is not whether Gilligan was or was not threatened or even whether he felt himself threatened. The point is that the presence of the gun altered the situation. What might have been a harmless street confrontation became a killing. In England, where the police still do not carry guns, there is less violence and less killing. The presence of a gun alters the situation so drastically that it creates the very forces it presumes to oppose.

Violence breeds violence. Death inspires killing. A gun

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is there to shoot with and every policeman is made to understand that it is not an ornament. To carry a gun means that a man must be prepared to kill. And the potential for death escalates. It is hard enough for a cop off duty to think like an ordinary citizen. A policeman on duty chases a speeder, breaks the speed laws and justifies that because there is simply no other way to catch a speeder. When he goes off duty, he finds that the habit of speeding is still present and the distinction between breaking the law off or on duty becomes blurred, indistinct, then perhaps disappears. (An off-duty detective friend of mine performed an almost suicidal U-turn on a California highway recently, and when he was stopped he flashed his New York police shield and was released without question.)

There begins to creep into the policeman's life a sense of isolation. He spends his off-duty hours with policemen. All his friends are policemen because ordinary civilians are always leery about how far they can go with cop friends.

In *Behind The Shield,* a book in which a former cop writes about cops, the author attempts to explain this sense of isolation and how it becomes heightened by the presence of the gun. The gun becomes the visible symbol of difference.

Bar owners endure the rantings of loud off-duty cops. Cops accept bribes and do mental gymnastics to justify them as the legitimate cost of doing business and the legitimate ransom of men who put their lives on the line. The alienation grows into a resentment between civilian and cop that can only result in hostile confrontations.

Dr. Banay insists that it is important to make the policeman feel apart and obliged to sustain a greater image of law enforcement. But it is precisely that apartness that alienates the community from the police and underlies the misunderstandings and hostility. To remove the gun would be to remove the greatest single source of alienation, since it is the gun that is the greatest reinforcer of arrogance.

Norman Frank, spokesman for the Police Benevolent Association of New York City, becomes purple at the suggestion. "You would denude this city of a great force of men. It would mean that we would have to triple the force. Some of the best arrests come from off-duty cops . . . . It would be a disaster . . . . "

The price is too high. It is too expensive to alienate the on-duty force in order to maintain an off-duty army of dubious value. Soldiers are not allowed to carry their weapons off duty. Men should be authorized to carry their weapons only under the strictest supervision. When they begin to suspect that they carry guns on their own authority, they may use them on their own authority. On duty, too.

The principle should be insisted upon that policemen carry guns at the sufferance of the majority of civilians. They should be made to understand that the gun is too terrible a weapon to be personal. It should be a piece of government, city, municipal property; it should be locked in the locker rooms of police precincts.

LETTERS (*continued from page 322*)

still alive in this country, and it would be unforgivably naive to assume that if the United States were torn by race riots innocent black people would be safe from massive retaliation. The conspiracy itself in the novel is a way of making a metaphor out of a fact—the fact that many "good" Americans would like to see most black Americans simply vanish overnight, by magic if possible, by massacre if necessary. *Leo Hamalian*

beagle?

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The Bible said it, in Proverbs 26:17. "He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Florence H. Luscomb

labor's soup

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Burton Hall's article in your Jan. 22nd issue, "The Thumb in Labor's Soup," is a contemptible and tragic example of the perversion of truth by an attorney, who has been variously described as a Socialist and a voice of dissent in the labor movement.

Hall has completely distorted and shamelessly fabricated the true condition of 10,000 members of our local union. . . .

Hall's client, one James Gleason, after unrestricted freedom, time and opportunity to defend hmiself, which he took full advantage of, was expelled from Local 11 by a vote of 1,227 to 17. . . .

Hall's scandalous charges against Local 11 and myself are, without exception, despicable lies. . . .

Hall charges that I was hiding from the McClellan committee in a New York hospital. That is absolutely untrue. I had discussed pertinent facts with agents of the McClellan committee in my office, prior to entering the hospital and we have advised . . . our members, very carefully, with respect to the issues introduced at the hearings. In passing, may I state that many of us in the labor movement remain extremely dubious of the McClellan committee and its purposes.

Hall suggests I was paid off by someone through two maintenance companies. This is a flagrant untruth! No employer having relations with Local 11, at any time, was ever solicited or had any dealings or connections with these companies.

Hall charges deficiencies in Local 11's welfare department of hundreds of thousands of dollars. There has been no looting, depletion or wasting of any moneys in our welfare fund or services.

Hall charges our no-strike, no lock-out, permanent arbitration structure, in three newly organized chains is a sellout of the workers. Hall is grossly ignorant of the history, experiences and results of this institution and the fact that it is not compulsory arbitration at all but a formula bargained for and unanimously ratified by the restaurant employees themselves.

Our local union has never signed a "sweetheart" contract! All of our agreements are negotiated with the full participation and final approval of our members. We think our local operates with a maximum of democracy and we are proud

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of our organizational successes and the standards we have achieved.

It is indeed frightening that your publication, without verification or corroboration, allows itself to be so misused as resulted from your association with Mr. Hall.

Fred Ferrara, President, Local 11

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I have only represented restaurant unions for about 25 years (including, I hasten to add, Local 11) and have written contracts for thousands of shops. Contracts I have written and the clauses I drafted are literally used in unions throughout the United States. . . . I think the Schrafft's contract is a good one, especially in view of the fact that it is the first agreement with an employer who bitterly resisted organization for decades. I know—I tried the NLRB case against the Shattuck Company for weeks.

The discharge clause Attorney Hall bitterly attacks is not unusual. Even so strict a union as the Waiters Local permits discharge for cause, and some of the contracts spell out several "causes," and then have general language encompassing other cases. I think that an employee guilty of "gross insubordination" should be fired. I also think that if an employee is guilty of "offensive language or conduct," the employer should have the right to fire him. I don't think such clauses in a labor agreement are "noteworthy" as Attorney Hall calls them. I hasten to add, as Attorney Hall did not, that in each and every such case, the employee has recourse to grievance machinery and, if need be, to arbitration. I have read thousands of such clauses.

The no-strike clause is new, but not quite as "startling" as Attorney Hall alleges. It is an attempt to substitute bargaining and arbitration for strikes and the threat of strike. It is a good attempt, especially in view of the past anti-labor history of the company involved. Whether it has the legal effect that Attorney Hall states in his learned, reasoned opinion, I hesitate to say. Perhaps he is just a better lawyer than I am, but I am not certain that a contract can bind either party after it expires, despite statements of intention. Perhaps the language is hortatory and not necessarily binding. I really wonder what would happen if four contracts and twelve years from now, the workers voted strike. Perhaps Attorney Hall will be on the bench by then, and be in the position to definitively rule on the question. At present, I am not as shocked as he is by this no-strike clause. . . .

Harold L. Luxemburg

New York City

DEAR SIRS: If all these "scandalous charges" contained in the report of the findings of an investigation conducted by the McClellan subcommittee are "despicable lies," as Ferrara now says they are, then why didn't Ferrara appear before the Senate's Permanent subcommittee to deny them? The subcommittee subpoenaed him to testify on these matters at its hearings that began on Sept. 27, 1966, and continued Sept. 28 and Oct. 4—but Ferrara didn't appear. The day before he was to appear, Ferrara submitted an affidavit from his doctor saying that the doctor had admitted him to St. Clare's Hospital on Sept. 25 for a "medical condition" (unspecified) and that his "physical condition" (also unspecified) was "such as he is unable to appear as a witness before the Subcommittee."

His "physical condition" didn't prevent Ferrara from leaving the hospital on Oct. 1 to sign the Schrafft's contract; why should it prevent him from testifying before the subcommittee at its Oct. 4 session?

Ferrara says there has been no depletion of Local 11's Welfare Trust Fund. That will come as a surprise to the New York State Insurance Department, which has recently completed extensive hearings in the proceeding brought by it against the trustees of that fund for alleged depletion of some $156,564.72 through the optical plan alone.

And about the "maintenance companies," which Ferrara owned in partnership with the brother-in-law of labor consultant Jack McCarthy. Employers with whom Local 11 bargains testified to the subcommittee that they hired labor consultant Jack McCarthy upon Ferrara's recommendation. Other employers testified that they hired the two maintenance companies, from which Ferrara received at least $36,606, upon McCarthy's recommendation. . . . But, says Ferrara, the worst "lie" of all is the suggestion that his low-wage, permanent no-strike contract with Schrafft's is a "sweetheart." The contract permits the employer to discharge employees for any reason whatever upon twenty-four-hour notice—and it permits the employer to fire employees even without notice for such reasons as "gross insubordination." Its wage level is on the borderline of New York State's minimum wage (and has been actually below that borderline for extended periods of time). And the contract provides that even after the expiration date the union will still be barred from striking and from any concerted action; all issues arising at negotiations thereafter are submitted in advance to the supposedly impartial arbitrator, Jack McCarthy's partner, J. Kenneth O'Connor. . . .

(Ferrara says the contract was ratified by the employees but neglects to point out that neither the employees nor their committee were allowed to read the contract, nor were they told its terms before the vote for approval.)

Harold Luxemburg . . . argues that the permanent no-strike clause is not really binding on the union, even though the employer was tricked somehow into thinking it would be. He may be right—or maybe, not; there are cases in the law books indicating post-expiration effect of collective bargaining agreement clauses. If Mr. Luxemburg thinks he can nullify the no-strike clauses, then why doesn't he seek a declaratory judgment doing just that? . . .

Of course, all this reasoned discussion is largely beside the point. Ferrara has stronger weapons at his disposal. One of these is the power to expel from the industry anybody who dares to oppose him; since he appoints the trial committees, rank-and-file members are at his mercy. And since the Local 11 bylaws permit him, without ratification or approval by anybody, to sign collective bargaining agreements binding on Local 11, he is in a position to enchain the rank and file to the conditions spelled out in the Schrafft's agreement. With weapons like these, perhaps, Ferrara is free to go on shouting "Lies, all lies!" whenever someone discusses publicly the true condition of workers under his rule.

Burton Hall

alternative

Notre Dame, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative is an Indiana organization pledged to support candidates for public office who will work for an end to the war in Vietnam. We will campaign actively for the election of public officials who favor a negotiated political settlement of the Vietnamese conflict. If you agree with this aim, we invite you to join. For more information write Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative, Room 410 Sherland Building, South Bend, Ind. 46601.

James A. Bogle, Chairman

radical experiment

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I have read *Report From Iron Mountain* and find in it a closely reasoned argument based on reasonable premises. However, as a scientist, I know that even the best of theories must stand or fall on the basis of experimental evidence. I therefore suggest that we experiment with peace for a while, and discover empirically what its effects on society would be. New experiments often turn up facts which the theoreticians have overlooked.

John E. Gaustad

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'A Billy Goat Pining for Purity'

TOLSTOY. *By Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux. Doubleday & Co. 762 pp. $7.95.*

ANITA M. LERNER
Mrs. Lerner taught Russian literature at Sarah Lawrence College.

For the new Tolstoy reader, desiring to comprehend both the tumultuous life force of the Russian author and the family background within which his extravagant talents ripened, Henri Troyat's biography provides a beginning. In childhood scenes the boy, 2 to 9 years old, encounters death—his mother's, father's and grandmother's. Later come seductions, gambling, gypsies and wild parties, soldiering and sparring with literary people. All are presented by Troyat swiftly and dramatically, with the skills of a fellow novelist. Tolstoy is captured *alive*—that is the big achievement. Before marriage, his life was already shaped by three women: his intelligent mother, to whom he prayed even in old age; his substitute mother, Tatyana Ergolskaya (Aunt Toinette), and his spinster relative, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, who moved in court circles, and maintained "an *amitié amoureuse*" with Tolstoy, through letters.

The biographer appreciates Tolstoy, the artist, and shows how he grew. Quietly the boy Leo sat among the adults, listening, watching, sometimes asking questions. Storytellers surrounded him and soon he became a voracious reader. Aunt Toinette was sure her Leo was destined to write his own stories and encouraged him to begin. As he grew up, nothing else he tried worked out. Far from home, as a soldier, he managed to stay at his desk and complete his first serious work, *Childhood*.

War stories on Sevastopol followed, not emphasizing glory but "the reeking hospital room," and Tolstoy took steps to exchange his uniform for civilian clothes. Surrounded by the literary crowd in Moscow and Petersburg, however, he found that he preferred his old associates on the battlefield. "The whole little menagerie" of quarreling Westerners and Slavophils was "seething with emulation, vanity and jealousy." Said Tolstoy: "There is no one acting out of sheer goodness, anxious to win over and reconcile people to each other in a happier world." He wrote independently, in spite of the aggravations of censorship, neither to please the authorities nor to gain popularity. "Truth" was Tolstoy's goal.

One-tenth of Troyat's book is devoted to the three great novels. He shows the surrounding environment out of which they grew, the critical reception they received, as well as how each evolved in the author's mind. (This I thought the best part of the biography.) At first, for example, the heroine of *Anna Karenina* was to be a man killer, a devil incarnate, in contrast to her two victims, Karenin and Vronsky. While creating the sinner, however, the author himself became enamored and gave her not only beauty but spontaneity, grace and warmth. But Tolstoy found it difficult to complete this novel (written in the shadow of five family deaths) and dropped it to return to peasant teaching.

The fault in the book is that Troyat, liking the artist, fails to understand the man behind the art. This is not surprising, since the background and prejudices of biographer and subject differ widely. Though born in Russia, Troyat settled in France as a schoolboy, at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution, and writes from the point of view of a patriotic, middle-class Frenchman. Everything touching on Tolstoy's French experiences—the public execution in Paris, the appraisal of French schools, his attitude toward Napoleon—is explained, not in terms of Tolstoy's purposes but through the editorial comments of the Frenchman. Above all, the biographer is antagonized by the Russian's repudiation of orthodox religion.

While the hero's external experiences are recorded (each seduction, naming names, and each gambling bout, assessing losses), Troyat refuses to take seriously his inner struggles reflected in the Franklin "Rules of Life." Here the young man dreams of reformation and plots out devices to achieve success, but Troyat labels him "a billy goat pining for purity." (There was, of course, a relationship between his great sensuality and his great talent.) Trying to explain his hero's premarital changes of place and occupation, the biographer overuses such words as "suddenly" and "abruptly," having no psychological explanations to offer. Thus the deeper, emergent self, the searching, contradictory figure, suffering and enduring, sometimes ridiculous and then again moving and miraculous, eludes Troyat. But it was precisely this man, involved in a terrible fever of inner growth, who fashioned the novels to which Troyat pays tribute.

Such a biographer would fail to assess the crisis of Tolstoy's middle years, in which he courted death rather than life, and was so physically reduced as to be barely recognizable. In order to regain an affirmative outlook he purged himself through *Confession* (Troyat doesn't analyze the document). All the same, *Anna Karenina* and *Confession* are clearly linked: the first dealing with death and despair; the second searching for a religion that would bring him back to life. In time Tolstoy worked out a pragmatic faith (which Troyat scorns), and managed to fill his days with productive activities.

He was not satisfied, however, yearning to relate word and deed (here Troyat accuses him of "the temptation of saint-hood"). In sum, this biographer rejects not only Tolstoy's religious struggles but most of his nonliterary activities, such as his pioneer peasant schools, calling the pupils his "guinea pigs." But teaching, and a love of children, was a life talent of Tolstoy, second only to writing itself. His great anti-war work (*The Kingdom of God Is Within You*) and the support he gave to such activities internationally is hardly touched upon. However, Lenin claimed that it was primarily Tolstoy's pacifist influence that made the first Communist revolution of 1905 fail.

Everyone knows by now that Tolstoy's wife, Sonya, was unable to go along with her changed husband—the man who wished to live like a peasant and take with him his wife and children—and nobody in his right mind could blame her. But what Troyat fails to make clear is that Sonya permitted him no escape: neither flight nor a rational compromise. *The Kreutzer Sonata* (a "nasty" story as Tolstoy recognized) dealt a deathblow to their marriage. Though sexual relations continued, mutual respect was lost. Thereafter Sonya aimed to preserve the pretense of a loving relationship, fearing that history would condemn her. At best she became a nagging wife; at worst one bent on raising her own prestige by means of destroying her husband's.

Sonya's diary is a marvelous human document, as close to the cutting edge of life as Tolstoy's own novels. (They were well matched in vitality and stubbornness.) It records breathlessly, and of course partially, the daily quarrels in their complex household and generates

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many moods—anger, hatred, self-pity, desire for love, dependence, fear of madness, gratitude for periods of coexistence, as well as moments of confessional clarity. The unforgivable distortion of Troyat is to side wholly with Sonya in these domestic battles, seemingly basing his portrait of Tolstoy on her diary image. Sonya affirms that Leo should stick to novel writing, since only that brings him happiness; Troyat agrees. Sonya pictures him as entirely self-centered, choosing activities that feed his vanity and bring him fame; Troyat agrees. Both are suspicious of his good deeds, calling them poses. In short they see the man as a fraud. (But one side of Sonya worshiped her husband, at the same time that she reviled him. Beside him, she described herself as "feeling like a criminal.") Of course Tolstoy was sometimes ludicrous and far from perfect, as Troyat reveals him. But he had the stamina, in the midst of surrounding apathy, to oppose the tyrannies of Church and state. This important moral work Troyat fails to appreciate.

It is no easy matter to write a biography of Leo Tolstoy. To view him objectively is almost impossible, since his strong reactions engender strong responses. But an interpreter can at least see first through his eyes, then record his own evaluations, exclaiming (as Chekhov did on reading *The Kreutzer Sonata*), "This is the truth!" or "This is absurd!" Tolstoy knew the limitations of logic and learned to accommodate himself to his contradictions, saying, "The cat and the dog can live under the same roof." Perhaps this great bulk of a man —a bear of strength and a dove of sensibility—has suffered from the sanity of his biographers.

Really Bad Off People

THE DRIFTERS: Children of Disorganized Lower-Class Families. *Edited by Eleanor Pavenstedt. Little, Brown & Co. 345 pp. $10.50.*

ROBERT COLES

Dr. Coles, a child psychiatrist, is Research Psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services. He is the author of Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear (*Little, Brown*).

It is unlikely that this very important book will get nearly the attention it deserves. The poor have once again had their day in America. For a few years they seemed about to obtain a better deal from this rich nation. Then came another war for freedom and democracy, surely something important to anyone who considers himself in trouble because he can't eat very well, or afford a doctor, or decent living quarters. Consolation, after all, is priceless; and America's poor can at least know they possess freedom, if nothing else, and as an added bonus live under a standard that compares very favorably with that enjoyed by hundreds of millions of Africans or Asians.

So, a book like *The Drifters* only serves to cause trouble. We are reminded that *all* is not well, even if the gross national product is edging toward something called a trillion. We are "hurt" abroad; our enemies can leap upon our problems, once again documented, and succeed in tarnishing our "image." Even more significantly, we are made to feel "guilty"—because we are told that even the most chaotic and disorganized of people, even the "lower-lower" families, will respond to the consistent and persistent attention of those who *care,* who really want to help others find a more secure and comfortable life.

In a way, then, this book could not be more disturbing. Unlike many others that dote on the misery of the poor, or use them to advance one or another strictly ideological scheme, *The Drifters* aims to report on a long, earnest and difficult attempt on the part of a group of child psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, social workers and teachers to reach, to understand, above all to befriend, be of use to "the children of disorganized lower-class families." The effort took place in Boston and began in 1955 —something that must be emphasized. Not all people in the so-called "mental health professions" needed a "war on poverty" (such as it has turned out to be) in order to extend the range of their sympathies and concerns.

The "drifters" described are the parents and children (mostly white, it must be emphasized) who live in a place called "North Point" in the book—in actuality it is Boston's mildly notorious South End. The city's generally conservative or understated tradition affects even its ghettos. Or, as a youth I know who grew up in Boston and later went to New York, put it: "It's quieter here in the South End. You go to New York and things are alive there all the time." He was referring to and making a contrast with Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen. And in fact the South End *is* rather quiet to the outsider, if he chances to pass through it at the right time.

For a year I rode on a school bus that transported Negro children through the South End on their way to white schools that at least gave each child a desk, some decent books and a teacher who did more than scorn and belittle her pupils. At 8:15 in the morning the South End was indeed like a sleeping dinosaur. The streets are littered with garbage, and particularly empty bottles, drained by the "hobos" and "bums" and "alcoholics" (heavily white, again) who have considered the district theirs for many years. The buildings are very old, shabby, full of rats, cold-water flats, dank and dark hallways, broken stairs and railings, lights that don't work and, above all, men, women and children—to whom alcohol and drugs, taverns and pushers, prostitutes and pawnbrokers are part of everyday life. A Negro child once put it all together as we moved along on the bus: "Man, I'll tell you, here's one place where Whitey has it as bad as us. I'll confess, I like to see that we're not alone, the black man. My daddy, he told us that when you really want to get to the bottom, it's the white man you'll find there, and now I know what he meant. They're really bad off here, you can tell."

"Bad off" they are; and *The Drifters* tells us in its first section exactly how bad off—socially and psychologically—"bad off" can be. The "setting" is described, the neighborhood and the institutions that serve it and all too often fail it miserably. The "social science literature," in all its relative poverty, is also reviewed—by a group of workers and authors whose modesty comes across again and again. The "team" who worked with the "drifters," and now have written up their lives, has no intention of supplying us with more rhetoric, more clichés—or more cheap, political slogans meant to win an election and not much more. I suppose voters in suburbia do feel a bit "guilty," and I suppose it *is* good politics to play up to that guilt, to the extent that other "commitments" allow. Meanwhile the ghettos persist, and one study after another tells us that they shouldn't, but that—well, these things do take time. Somehow, sandwiched between some set of wars, that "time" may be found. Until then, there is always a Band-Aid here, a quick coat of paint there.

What is so haunting, and finally outrageous, about this book is the radical seriousness of the activity its pages describe and the remarkable discoveries its authors insist upon confronting us with. Here was a group of professional men and women who took great pains to seek out the most troubled and confused and disorganized of American citizens—in order to work with them for years, slowly, patiently, carefully. Young children in a specially designed nursery school were virtually brought up again, taught for the first time, against great obstacles of well-developed fear and sus-

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picion, to trust other human beings, to look them directly in the eye, to stay with them, feel toward them, accept from them, give to them. Things we and our children take for granted those children had never experienced. They darted about, exploded, withdrew, evaded; more than anything else they evaded grown-up people whom they saw to be, had found to be, unreliable, unpredictable, impulsive, alternately violent and smothering. It is heartbreaking to read about these children, and particularly heartbreaking to read about the changes in them and their parents as a result of this research project, *and* (with the project's end) the slow encroachment back of disorder and sorrow in boys and girls who for a moment breathed life, grace, love, redemption—only to feel them all slowly slip away.

Here is something for us to think about—we who are so full of talk about those "impossible" slum youths, those "hard-to-reach" families, those poor people whose presence irritates us in the face of our occasional glances of sympathy, our last minute niggardly cash, voted by Congressmen eager to adjourn, to go home, you can be sure not to a slum: "Perhaps the most important findings of the project was that many of the children's educational handicaps are to an extent remediable through the combined therapeutic-educational techniques used in our nursery school. . . . Though the children still appear to have definite limitations in terms of their ultimate school success, early pre-school intervention for this group of low socio-economic children has proved successful, at least up to a point."

Nor were the mothers necessarily "hopeless" or unchangeable: "The mothers finally have shown a capacity to develop some social competence and organization in their lives. They have been like people inundated by a volcano and unable to remove the debris. With assistance in shifting the earth from the stones they have been able to select problems out of the burdensome morass. With some realistic goals and insight they showed an unexpected capacity for initiative, competence and organization."

So, psychiatrists and social workers and nursery school teachers, from the middle class, and with no power to change the basic social and cultural conditions of "North Point," yet succeeded in having a decisive effect on a small number of that neighborhood's residents—and in the process found themselves as professional men and women surprised, and thus educated. They started their project in order to determine what could be done with the most impoverished, the most "pathological," and even in such people they found "islands" of intactness, "fragments of adulthood," moments when "their motherliness, which has been obscured by clouds, peeps out with momentary brightness and warmth." In children of 3 or 4 they found plenty of trouble, but again an astonishing kind of shrewdness and guile, on the part of boys and girls who were destined to be a source of trouble to "us," but who surely learn every day how to make do in their own world. It is not that they cannot learn; that is learn in "our" (old, crowded, hopelessly rigid and uninspired) schools. It is rather that they have already learned *what learning really matters—to them, not* "us." Given our country's present "priorities," its present inclinations and (rather obvious) deeds, who can call such children anything but "realistic," and even wise?

Gambits on the Shore

THE FARTHER SHORES OF POLITICS. *By George Thayer. Simon & Schuster. 610 pp. $7.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

There is a literary genre which might well be called the Icarian, books which, if cast in a more modest vein, might instruct or amuse but which are defeated by their ambitions—the high fliers which fall to earth because of overstrained equipment. Mr. Thayer's book is unmistakably of the genus: like Icarus it never reaches the farther shores.

The book is a compendium of the gambits and distortions which plague popular "exposé," political writing. Because of its sheer size and scope, and its author's lack of basic familiarity with his subject, its treatment of political minorities is, in part at least, unconsciously parodic—a hastily written *Reader's Digest* article 600 pages long. Mr. Thayer relies heavily for enlightenment on interviews (the book might well have been called "What They Told Me About the Farther Shores of Politics") which he uses not merely to convey the opinions of his subjects but as authority for his own observations and conclusions. This reliance is wildly uncritical and leads to odd miscomprehensions—of the sort sometimes found in accounts of American life by foreign travelers. For example, he tells us that members of peace groups are not as radical as they sound; they speak leftist "jargon but fail to understand its meaning," a conclusion which he documents with a quotation from an interview with a peace activist that "quite a few" peace group members "are middle-class Jewish kids who react against . . . the regimentation of being Jewish, or wearing lovelocks when they were kids."

Mr. Thayer has organized this material in a neat structure, but formal organization by itself cannot redeem its lack of organic unity. The result is a hodgepodge of anecdotes and exotica which bears about the same relationship to politics as a medieval bestiary to natural history.

Our historic political diversity has long suffered from the conceit of establishment liberalism that commitment is somehow intellectually disreputable. A related notion scornfully dismisses politics which deals with causes rather than symptoms as "conspiratorial" regardless of its targets or rationale. An assumption common to both these views (and to Mr. Thayer's book) is that "social adjustment" is a self-evident virtue, just as "extremism" is a self-evident political vice which, in Lipset's words, "appeals to

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the disgruntled, psychologically homeless, to the personal failures, and economically insecure, the uneducated, unsophisticated and authoritarian persons at every level of society."

The Right has prospered in part because it has made itself the custodian of a potent political tradition, nativist anti-radicalism. Intensified first by the cold war and later by Vietnam, anti-communism has become the ecumenicism of the American Right. The nationalist and know-nothing passions which kindled the Right over an entire generation following the depression have been refueled in the past decade by an emerging politics of cultural despair. The discrediting of reform through traditional welfare strategies and the emergence of new "way of life" issues (alienation, racism, crime, juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, mental health) have produced a crisis in liberal ideology. The Right has exploited this impasse by developing a politics which makes increasingly nostalgic and symbolic appeals to the middle class, shaping a still inchoate ideology with many points of similarity to European-style fascism.

The old Left, battered by McCarthyism, has not only failed to adapt its dogmas to the realities of American capitalism but, like the New Left, seems incapable of forging a politics that speaks to our condition.

Though orphaned of a setting, Thayer's book might still be useful if he could only have gotten his facts straight. But the book—especially its treatment of the Left—is rife with errors.

The McCarran Act of 1950 is not a criminal statute and there were no "numerous convictions of the (Communist) Party's leaders . . . under the McCarran Act of 1950 which physically removed the more active Communists from the scene for a stretch." No Communist ever even registered under the Act. Both William Epton, the Progressive Labor Party leader, and Farrell Dobbs, the Trotskyist, *were* convicted—on grounds inaccurately summarized by the author.

The late Francis E. Walter never subpoenaed "Professor Linus Pauling to appear before the HUAC for no other reason than an eccentric remark that Pauling made in public." Pauling was subpoenaed to appear before the Senate Internal Security Committee for his activities in organizing scientists in opposition to nuclear testing. Nor do these committees "serve quite unwittingly to stifle dissent" because a "particularly offensive remark is often grounds enough for the committees to issue a subpoena to the individual concerned demanding that his statements be explained."

About the 1960 execution of Caryl Chessman, Thayer writes: "The case of this convicted murderer, exploited unmercifully by American Marxists, contained enough seeds of doubt concerning his guilt, that it provoked the young to question the validity of all laws, the very foundation on which the country rests."

Although we are almost stoned on this heady "Scottsboro" gambit (the subversive exploitation of injustice), the author plies us with an equally potent chaser—a "true believer" gambit which makes Chessman "a martyr of the left." "American Marxists" ignored the Chessman case and the humanist impulses it stirred among students, and were attacked for that reason by young radicals. Besides, the issue in the Chessman case was not innocence or guilt but capital punishment.

"Jimcrow" [*sic*] is not part of "an ingroup language . . . on the left" like "'Comsymp' on the right." The Palmer raids are not a "euphemism for the 'Red Scare.'" nor are the Catholic Worker "Houses of Hospitality" a "euphemism for flophouses." The unworldly Mennonites do not "still play a leading role" in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, let alone the even more unworldly "Amish Mennonites."

Dorothy Day is not one of the "three well-known personalities" which the *Catholic Worker* movement "has produced . . . of late." Nor has she yielded "to Cardinal Spellman over the church's view of the Vietnam War." The *Catholic Worker* is a monthly and not a weekly, and its circulation in the thirties was more than 300,000, not 165,000. The significance of the sign on the wall of its office, "This floor will safely sustain a load of 40 lbs. per square foot," is purely structural and not, as the author invites the reader to believe, homiletic, like the messages (such as "Pax," "Iesus Caritas") which flank it.

Milton Rosen, the leader of the Progressive Labor Party, is not a brother of Jacob Rosen, a youthful activist. John and Albert Maher *are* brothers—but the author confuses them. The Progressive Labor Party does not include among its goals "a police review board in New York City." It is opposed to a police review board.

Aaron Henry does not "still play a dominant role in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party." There is no Negro nationalist group known as the "Blood Brothers." Newspaper accounts about it were subsequently admitted to be a hoax. Dr. W.E.B. DuBois was not a black nationalist. He was anathema to the Garvey movement with which the author links him.

None of the old Left groups ever made a "take-over bid" of the Black Muslims, as the author states twice. And the Socialist Workers Party, "a predominately white organization," never "believed it would lead a militant all-black drive for equal rights" initiated by Malcolm X. (This is well known in the trade as the equality-professing-Reds-discriminate-more-than-anybody-else gambit.) Neither the Left nor the Right characterizes the power drives of its leaders as the "Lenin complex" or "Hitler complex," respectively (the "deadly parallel" gambit).

It is not true that "violence . . . has become endemic" to the Socialist Workers Party (the ever-ready automatic force and violence gambit) "and endures today" (the leopard cannot change its spots gambit). Trotskyists are not "hated with uncommon passion by everyone," and such animosity is not demonstrated by the assassination of a young activist in the party's Detroit headquarters by a man who (the author fails to tell us) was demented.

While Trotsky was alive he did not prevent splits and schisms, as the author states. Indeed the major historic split in the Socialist Workers Party (between the Cannon and Schachtman groups) took place during Trotsky's lifetime. Participation in elections is not a departure "from the path of strict Trotskyism."

Bettina Aptheker, daughter of Communist theoretician Herbert Aptheker, was never chairman of the DuBois Clubs, and she does not foam at the mouth when she speaks. The song *The Internationale* is not part of a "legacy of Americana," left by the Wobblies. Neither it nor other songs actually composed and sung by the Wobblies (*The Rebel Girl, Hallelujah I'm a Bum, Dump the Bosses Off Your Back*) "are still sung today by ardent trade unionists everywhere, even in the AFL-CIO."

These and other errors too numerous to list may possibly make Thayer's book a curiosity, prized by bibliophiles like a misprinted stamp among philatelists. But then, writings in this area are notoriously inaccurate (though rarely as badly edited as this book). The conventional restraints on publishers (such as libel suits) are minimal and the unpopularity of the victim limits even the risk of effective protest.

Nor are Thayer's inferences, characterizations and conclusions any more rewarding. Most of them have a "see Spot run" tone. Thus, he says of the peace movement that it "is transfixed by the Vietnam War—far more than the ordinary American citizen." And that, "Perhaps the one point that distinguishes the Citizens' Councils from the Klan is tactics." Thayer can be banal and baffling at the same time: "coupled with an historical threat of starvation [the Puerto Rican] people have always had a desire for physical well-being, regardless of other considerations"; "there is obviously

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a gray area between blatant subversion and what might be called 'legalized dissent,' no matter how idiotic the latter may be."

Thayer's capacity for broader speculation is equally precarious. His discussion of the CPUSA's decline brings us fresh reminders of the comic possibilities presented by criticism for the wrong reasons, an allotropic variant of the any-stick-to-beat-a-dog gambit. Thus, he rebukes the party because it "has not come up with a good anti-capitalist slogan in years." The Communists "only belatedly jumped on the (anti-Vietnam) bandwagon to embrace the cause as its very own," and they are still laggards for "when enemy flags are carried in protest parades, it is sections of the New Left that carry Vietcong flags, not American Communists carrying Soviet flags." (*Sic;* Thayer is no stylist.) The party devotes itself to fund-raising functions at which it serves "food to the impoverished faithful who anticipate such gatherings with relief to fend off the monotony of their lives."

The party also "makes money on the stock exchange, being tipped off in advance by Moscow when the Soviets plan to dump some commodity on the world market." And the "impoverished faithful" notwithstanding, not "all Party members are poor, however, nor has this historically been true. Indeed many of them have been quite wealthy." The author's crusher is that the party has retreated to a "soft line" which merely "calls for a 'socialist' America," not, he triumphantly notes, "a 'Communist' one." This judgment reflects as crude a misconception of Communist theory and practice as one is likely to find anywhere and answers the question which steadily shames Thayer's glib pages: can one write informatively about any political movement, no matter how distant its "shores," without understanding it?

Thayer's final chapter rehashes explanations of extremism with characteristic obscurity and includes the by now obligatory equation of the Left and the Right. ("Their vision," he says, in a particularly illiterate summary of chiliastic theories of totalitarian politics, "is apocalyptical, where the world is on the verge of an explosion unless their particular brand of solutions be adopted.") In demonstrating that *les extrêmes se touchent*, Thayer tells us that both sides see the major threat to the "country as internal." I suppose that this cryptic judgment means that both leftists and rightists believe that the threat of the overthrow of our government by a foreign-based attack is minor. This presumably is in contrast to the opinion of sober-minded, moderate and responsible citizens (like Everett Dirksen and Mendel Rivers) who are convinced of the contrary. Who's loony now?

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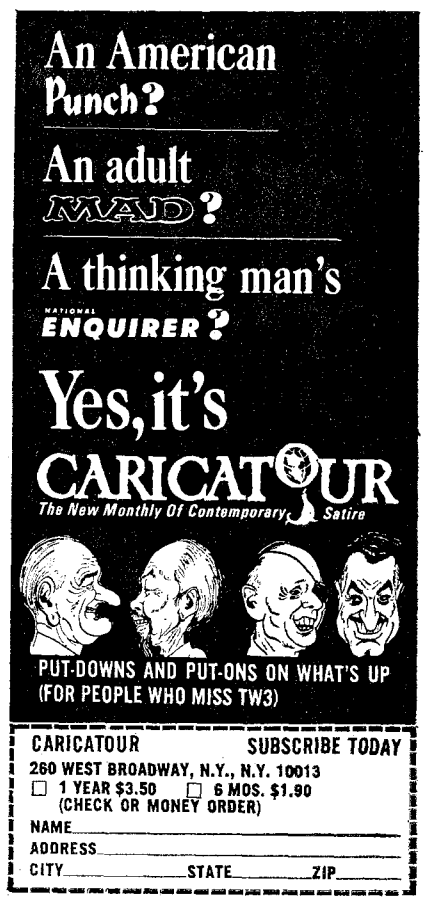
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Youth & Age in Chile

THIS SUNDAY. *By José Donoso. Translated from the Spanish by Lorraine O'Grady Freeman. Alfred A. Knopf. 177 pp. $4.95.*

OLIVER T. MYERS
Mr. Myers is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

The decennial awarding of a Nobel Prize to a representative of Hispanic letters (Gabriela Mistral, 1945; Juan Ramón Jiménez, 1956; Miguel Angel Asturias 1967; can we deduce a pattern?) should be an occasion for taking a closer look at recent literary production in the Spanish-speaking world. The reader of English has available now a larger and better selection of current novels from Spain and Latin America than probably at almost any earlier time. Best of all, the time lag for English translations is being reduced by enterprising publishers, so that we can have access to Cortázar and Fuentes within a year or two.

It took about six years for José Donoso's *Coronation* to reach the United States, but the success of that has brought *This Sunday* to us in two years. With the latent fear that the "typical" Latin American novel might scare off the American public, Knopf hastens to assure us that Donoso "never seems an exotic, he speaks directly to us, his tone and style . . . seem to be in tune with our sensibilities. . . ." We can interpret this easily as: No Indians, no gauchos, no dictators, no jungles, no dreary Romantic rhetoric, and especially no United Fruit.

The blurb writer is accurate in one sense, which is that we have read novels that resemble Donoso's (although we probably haven't come across anything quite like Asturias'). We will recognize some of the characters, the lecherous, psychically impotent scion and the earthy, "enduring" servant (here, white), the all-seeing, innocent child and the superannuated matriarch, the lower-class youth striving, with the patronage and patronizing of the upper classes, to pull himself up somewhere. . . . (In 1962 Donoso was awarded the William Faulkner Foundation Prize for Chile for the novel *Coronation.*) Some of the scenes (like the seduction of the young master by the lusty serving wench) have the *déjà lu* flavor. But it is difficult to buy the thesis that we're *that* much accustomed to the way Donoso looks at these people or makes them act.

It might be that *This Sunday* is too much like *Coronation,* not only in characters and milieu but even in some of the plotting. As a novel *This Sunday* comes off better. But what Donoso has been giving us (here and foreshadowed in some earlier stories, a few written origi-

(*Continued on page 353*)

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THE FALSE SCORPION

Diminutive, harmless, resembling the lethal kind,
Without a tail,
It is not rare. You cannot fail
To find

In America's average suburban back yard
A hundred or more,
If you know what you are looking for.
It's hard

To grasp why such a retiring animal
Will cross a sheet
With stately step but then retreat
From a ball

Of dust more quickly than it can advance.
It won't forego
Living contenders, however, though
The chance

That it will ever eat the conquered is small.
Its appetite
Is scant. Yet, when the time is right,
All

Its digestive juices start to flow before
It takes the prey
Into its body. It has a way
Of stor-

ing gravel and bark against itself to build
A shelter when
It molts, until it is shut in,
Self-sealed.

Precaution and pleasure are more clearly one
When the male expends
Energy on a dance which depends
Upon

The female's motionlessness. He extrudes a thread—
Tipped with a drop—
Stiffening, on the ground, straight up.
The wed-

ding's over. She leaps on it. His pincers pick
Her up and shake
Her for some time fiercely to make
It stick.

DAVID GALLER

THE WALLS OF SNOW

Bright snow, white sheeted, winter drifted, lies
Beyond the glass on the other side of the mind
Where it is shining, wet on rail track, cold street
And unshovelled walk. Inside this room, ice
Hardens in the hard body of my lover and friend
Who by his own hand died out of reach last night.
Not last night. I had to go back twenty years to find
His death, when I learned that a body has vacant eyes
And dead flesh is solid, heavy, and gray as granite,
Laid rigid on the bed. The room is blind.
The ceiling presses inward, the rugs rise,
The woodwork bends where the papered walls meet.
No sheen from the blazing snow outside could pass
Into that closed room to lighten it, where he lay
And I stood, wet booted, chapped raw at the wrists, my sorrow
Caught in breathy sobs over him. That loss
These twenty years have never equalled. Snow
Lies bright on the walls of winter. It is still that day.

PHYLLIS ROSE

WHISKEY CREEK BRIDGE

Standing on the wooden bridge at Whiskey Creek
where my father's old and new farms meet and join,
I listen for a moment: everything is silent
save mosquitoes and the stiff dry-sounding dragonflies
that skim the water's smooth back for dark specks.

Below me, poised and waiting
in silver webs that flex under the bridge,
huge spiders shine and dangle in the dark,
the harmlessly exotic and the deadly,
a black widow looming by the dry shell of her mate,
her womb filled with seed fed by its father's flesh,
the hourglass of blood set in her belly.

Where water clear as amber runs
I watch the sluggish traffic from the swamps
drain toward the Gulf: cypress branches wrapped in moss, half sunk,
rigid garfish, mullet in dull swarms, cottonmouths and perch,
broad leaves turning slowly in the underwater light,
and a variety of turtles—some softshelled and graceful,
some with brilliant faces, orange and yellow streaked
as if their budshaped heads were splitting into bloom,
and some, harder, darker, whose horned beaks crack
the others' shells and ream them while they die—,
all moving downstream to feed the broad Caloosahatchee
where fresh water and salt collide and mingle,
where seabirds, sand sharks, and bull gators wait.

When a branch snaps and falls, breaking the surface,
I start with the fish, the shivers of rising silver
that feign and turn, vanish into the spreading calm
where the shadow of my childhood holds them all,
a darkness deep almost beyond my seeing.

WILLIAM PITT ROOT

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nally in English) is the portrait of a decaying society, nostalgic for a glory that had never quite existed, with the other classes lacking the moral and psychological dominance to succeed except through violence. The relations between master and servant will elicit comparisons with the modern American South, but without the complication of race. The strength of the household servants, of the poor, of the criminal, is contrasted with the enervation of the well-to-do, but is insufficient for any real accomplishment.

But this cannot be said to be Donoso's theme. It will be apparent in *This Sunday* but becomes disturbingly obvious when traced across earlier writings. Donoso does not write about adults. The most fully realized characters in what I've read of him are the young, the innocent or overly wise children, the adolescent bursting with (or from) sex; or the middle aged, prematurely senile from menopause or ennui; or the very old, who have outlived too many generations. We don't see child-parent relationships, a generation is skipped, we are made to feel the remoteness of the grandchild from the grandparent.

The central figure of *Coronation* is a man in his 50s still under the thumb of his nonagenarian grandmother. The first-person narrator of *This Sunday* hardly speaks of his parents; it is the grandparents that we see through his eyes and then, alternately, through their own. The middle generation appears as confused lists of names and is dead, whether in the grave or on their feet. The memories of the grandparents go back to their youth, passing over their young adulthood as though over a desert. As the children are deprived of parents (figuratively for the rich, literally through illegitimacy or abandonment for the poor), so parents have no children. The law professor's wife in *This Sunday,* despite her many offspring, is alienated from them and searches for a babe to suckle, like a "littered bitch." Her children are the poor, as she ambles about performing her aimless works of charity. The greatest of these has as its object the rescuing of a strayed lamb (a murderer, in fact) who turns to her as to a mother and who is saved by her up to a point; she merely succeeds in stifling him (her real children at least had the strength to abstract themselves) and driving him to further violence. Her own destruction is brought about by the youngest generations of her surrogate children. It is the youngest of the poor who surround her and deprive her of life. And it is they, not her own descendants, who inherit her house as they overrun the abandoned mansion.

Donoso has created a more horrifying nightmare for his victims in this latest work than in *Coronation,* which at times was merely grotesque. He has now a surer hand with delineation of oddity (the aging grandson's prized walking-stick collection in the earlier novel was silly; here, the deaf grandfather attempting Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith,* imitating Cortot's *tempo,* tells us much more). He finally succeeds in making us know the full complexity of the immature and the post-mature mind with remarkable economy.

Donoso's *This Sunday* is scarcely longer than a novella. But we can take from it as much experience of human decay as we can bear.

The Child's Style of Learning

HOW CHILDREN LEARN. *By John Holt. Pitman Publishing Corp. 189 pp. $4.95.*

CHANDLER BROSSARD
Mr. Brossard is a novelist and author of a forthcoming book on Spain, The Spanish Scene *(Viking). He teaches at C. W. Post College and Fairleigh Dickinson.*

It is a chilling paradox that in a country where the most urgent cultural value is education—so urgent that it is literally against the law not to go to school—the "educational" experience itself is surreal and degrading, especially on the primary level. In most classrooms, and hour by dreadful hour, the child is systematically disengaged from his fragile dignity, his natural animal intelligence, and (here is the essence of surrealism) punished for showing signs that he does not like this. Another paradox is that the teaching job, which should be held by persons of quality, spirit and fastidious humanness, is sought out and captured, by and large, by the mediocre, the mean, the most deeply anti-imagination and anti-intellectual.

There are many reasons for this, most, but not all, deeply imbedded in the dynamic of our culture. The monolithic, unrelenting purpose of "education" in any "civilized" society is to mold its members into non-rebellious, functioning units of that particular society. Certain points of view, value systems, experience schemata, and societally relevant needs are

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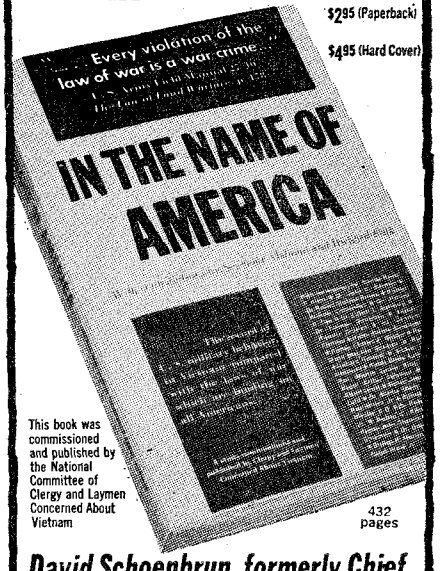
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thoroughly instilled in the individual while he is in school by others who have been similarly acculturated. This process cannot be successfully carried out if the person too frequently uses his imagination (emotions, fantasy) and intelligence. Ergo, the process of dehumanization and degradation. Anything the individual wants to do that is trans-cultural or trans-schematic is punished, because he is very simply threatening the very structure of which he is supposed to be a part. He has to acquiesce if he is to make it.

In this culture, people of brains, originality and spirit are generally not attracted to the teaching scene. It is just too dreary and unrewarding, on almost any level. Lively teachers, like lively children, suffer humiliations beyond measure. Teaching, unfortunately, has nothing to do with true love, illumination, richness of experience. It has to do with unquestioned authoritarianism, white-collar status, job security and bureaucratic camaraderie. The inescapable conclusion, from the foregoing elements, may sound snobbish or "elitist," but it is nonetheless fact: what types of people in the democratic struggle need those things? Aristocrats? Intellectuals? Humanists? Zen Buddhists? Millionaires? Of course not. Frustrated, enraged, insecure, inferiority permeated members of the "lower class," the little bourgeoisie and a variety of other "out" groups. Being a teacher is "classier" than being a clerk, and you have a hell of a lot more power.

By and large, these are the human beings to whom one's children are presented for their education. It is no wonder that the result is awful and heartbreaking.

John Holt is clearly a remarkable exception to these empirical facts, and his book, a poetic, humane, perceptive account of some of his own teaching experiences with the very young, should be made required reading for every teacher in America (but of course it won't). Holt's principle is two-part: children are people who can be hurt and discouraged; children have an incredible capacity for figuring things out by themselves. (Naturally. Otherwise, how in God's name did the human animal ever struggle out of the ooze and into the trees?) "I believe," he says, "and try to show here, that in most situations our minds work best when we use them in a certain way, and that young children tend to learn better than grownups (and better than they themselves will when they are older) because they use their minds in a special way. In short, children have a style of learning that fits their condition, and which they use naturally and well until we train them out of it. We like to say that we send children to school to teach them to think. What we do, all too often, is to teach them to think badly, to give up a natural and powerful way of thinking in favor of a method that does not work well for them and that we rarely use ourselves."

In spite of his superior consciousness and authentic love for children, Holt from time to time found himself doing some dumb things (cultural compulsions that he has not yet managed to shake), and the results proved his points and further enlightened him. One day he visited some friends who had a very young boy. He took along a box of Cuisenaire rods for the kid. They emptied the fascinating stuff out on the rug. "At the time," he confesses, "I felt I had to start him off 'learning' something. So, in what I supposed was my low pressure way, without even saying, 'Watch,' I took some rods from the pile and began to make a pattern of them on the floor, thinking that he would soon imitate me. Danny's father joined me. . . . When we finished, we looked at (Danny). He looked at us for a while, expressionless. Then, without saying a word, he came over and with one swipe of his hand knocked our little building all over the rug." Puzzled, he and the boy's father did the same thing. And Danny knocked it down again. And the whole thing again. "Then, at last, we had the wit to see something was happening that we did not understand, and let the little boy play with the rods in his own way."

Among many other things, Holt happily shows up as fraudulent some of the silly notions about the "proper" environments for learning, "structured" vs. "chaotic," and all that sort of thing. (One can begin to see, with horror, how many elements in the loony puritan ethic, those having especially to do with anxiety-propelled "ideas," fears of "free form" flooding one with madness—how these elements find their objective correlative in "structuring.") He cites a project involving a friend of his and the development of ingenious mathematical and logical materials, destined for children's schools. "They found a very interesting thing about the way children reacted to these materials. If, when a child came in for the first time, they tried to get him 'to work' right away, to play some of their games and solve some of their puzzles, they got nowhere. The child would try to do what he was asked to do, but without joy or insight. But if at first they let the child alone for a while, let him play with the materials in his own way, they got very different results." The kids did all kinds of things, messed about, worked up fantasies, and so on. Holt continues: "When, through such play and fantasy, the children had taken these materials into their minds, mentally swallowed and digested them, so to speak, they were then ready and willing to play very complicated games, that in the more organized and business-like situation had left other children completely baffled. This proved to be so consistently true that the experimenters made it a rule always to let children have a period of completely free play with the materials, before asking them to do directed work with them."

How Children Learn, like all other first-rate books, is really about a great deal more than its stated subject. It is a calm, penetrating and extremely revealing examination of American mores, from top to bottom. If you want to get a slightly better understanding, for example, of why so many thousands of Americans, all of them products of the schooling system here under discussion, are quite able to do the unspeakable things they are doing in Vietnam—from burning people alive to later "pacifying" the lucky remainders—read this book. It should make you cry.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Look out for the Open Theatre! According to a recent announcement it is "a group of approximately thirty-five: directors, actors and playwrights, who have been experimenting with new theatrical forms for the past five years. From time to time it has given informal programs of improvisations and short plays in various Off-Off Broadway houses. The Off-Broadway productions of *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah!* grew from our work. . . ." The signatories of this statement are the troupe's director, Joseph Chaikin and Jean-Claude van Itallie, the author of *America Hurrah!*

Though its heart was in the right place I was not enthusiastic about *Viet Rock*, produced independently two seasons ago. I admire the *Motel* episode of *America Hurrah!* which is still running at the Pocket Theatre on Third Avenue. Last week I attended an evening at the Village Gate of songs and skits given as a benefit for the purpose of providing the company with the means to accept an invitation to appear at various European theatre festivals. I paid for my tickets and enjoyed what I saw.

Pleasure was aroused by the company's spirit. It had dedication and vigor. Someone suggested that it promises the recrudescence in the sixties of the "fervent years" of an earlier time. Maybe so. It is, at any rate, a healthy theatre expression of the moment. What its eventual destiny is to be is a matter of conjecture. The theatre, though composed of individuals, does not depend on them alone but on a complex of external circumstances.

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The Open Theatre is not literary; it stresses the purely theatrical: sights and sounds, movement, acrobatics, a kind of juvenescent festiveness—not quite "Dionysiac." It is motivated by social as well as histrionic ardor. Besides the songs, rock and roll anti-war doggerel (of which I could not distinguish the words, though the sense was clear enough), the benefit program consisted of pantomime, improvisations and two playlets, one by Ionesco and another by Brecht. Most of this was aesthetically raw but full of Village verve. The effect was tonic.

What is the "message"? Apart from reaching for "new forms"—none of them actually new but a departure from the commercial commonplace—what is revealed are some of the basic tensions of the day. The first number, for example, was a silently rhythmic exposition of our impulses toward fraternity or at the very least the sensory contact people naturally desire to have with one another, followed by an even stronger loathing of proximity. Changes were rung on this motif, for instance in the actors' pleasurable awareness of the audience and then their equal animosity toward it, or again the hope for release from anxiety through exhaustion in unbridled fun and games: in short, the polarity of mutual attraction and revulsion.

Another was a mock doxology with the WASP minister invoking love for man and God while enjoining both to rip the guts out of our enemies. The congregation's "amens" echoed the clergyman's prayer, dutifully or with barely repressed profanities, while an obscene epilogue of almost impersonal sexuality ended the scene.

Later on we were shown synoptic dramatic structures which impugn the male adequacy of our population and the consequent quasi-spastic gyrations of its womanhood. Events were celebrated in songs of dazed sadness accompanied by exhaustingly jittery trances.

Ionesco's skit *Foursome* is an epigram exemplying the pigheaded hostility within the human species that leads it to battle over often absurdly trivial causes which are utterly forgotten in the ensuing slaughter. Brecht's *Clown Play* is a pantomime illustrating the progressive dismemberment of "Mr. Smith"—little Everyman—to the tune of circus jingles.

In short we are living in a murderous world of shattered nerves and fractured faiths against which we can cry out with lusty imprecations and take hope in our still vibrant capacity for protest. Our very curses, the actors of the Open Theatre seem to be saying, bear witness to our innate appetite for life. They "dance wildly to keep their balance." The Open Theatre's motto might be the line from Aeschylus: "Shout, ye people, the chanting is done."

The actors mix with the audience, join them at their tables (if any), but best of all they throw themselves into their tasks with considerable bodily abandon. In this respect they are children compared to the young folk in certain of the newer theatres in Czechoslovakia and Poland, but then these Americans haven't the facilities for training afforded the stage aspirants of those "backward" countries. The Open Theatre actors signal something *good* taking seed in and out of our theatre, but to grow they will have to develop an authoritative voice, one or more dramatists to give their speech coherence and their thrust effective aim. Otherwise they will remain augurs without artistic issue.

The Open Theatre is one rivulet of a current in dramatic entertainments and demonstrations in the streets, meeting places, union halls and the like. None of this is altogether indigenous with us although it recalls fairs and frolics around campfires, in saloons or boats of our virtually forgotten past. But *Les Ballets Africains* in a limited engagement at the Mark Hellinger Theatre brings us the real thing from French Guinea.

Their ritual dances and festive folklore are the fruit of an age-old tradition. They are truly of the land and of its people and not of a formal boxed-in art we call "theatre." Theirs is a tribal expression which sprang into being in their fields, hamlets, town squares and streets, dating from ancient times down to the present day. At *Les Ballets Africains* we are allowed a glimpse of the theatre's roots as one reads about them in history books or at lectures in drama courses.

What a riotous evening! I cannot say whether the overwhelming exuberance and physical endurance of the company are due to aboriginal racial traits or to these combined with extraordinary practice plus the particular endowment of the participants, but I don't remember ever before having seen such a display of fiercely exultant agility. Here we witness wild excitement, a great rough sweetness, a constantly bounding and bursting drive of irrepressible human energy. The frenzy of our bands, discothèques and dervish hippies are kindergarten merriments compared to this Ensemble Artistique et Culturel de La République de Guinée. The color is amazingly varied, running a gamut from primitive ceremonial dress to the more recent modes—rich and poor—of the encroaching industrial habit.

All this bespeaks a rich, turbulent, still intact nature in vocal and instrumental sound. One seems to hear the hourly voices of the dawn, the dusk and the night, the ululation of strange birds and beasts, the hissing, chirping, cooing of to us unknown fauna which are familiar and almost domestic to the singers, musicians and dancers of these African scenes.

There is no "composition" to them, no center or aesthetically conceived focus. They were not designed for the stage as we know it. They are meant to spill out and to spread through a neighborhood, a country horizon. Go, be astonished and

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learn there is still lava under the earth's crust and that some of it still courses in some folk's veins—a fact that should awaken us from our lethargy and make us rejoice.

The second presentation of the Negro Ensemble Company season (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue) is Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll.* I reviewed this play from London (where it was a success) in the spring of 1957, and Robert Hatch reviewed its New York performance the following fall. We both liked the play, but it failed on Broadway, probably because, oddly enough, *The New York Times* critic said he couldn't understand the Australian "dialect"!

The locale of the play has been changed from its original setting "down under" to New Orleans. Otherwise it is much the same play, and still good. It is a better piece of writing than Peter Weiss's "documentary" about Portuguese Africa which preceded it at the "Ensemble" but not as complete a production. It is nevertheless worth seeing because of the quality of the text, some individual performances and the general cordiality in the atmosphere of the theatre—company and audience—as a whole. Two workers have been coming for a five-month love spree with their particular female counterparts down from cold country at Christmas to where there is warmer weather at that time. The men offer the girls presents each time they make their "honeymoon" trip. Every year the older of the two men brings a doll which has become for the girl an emblem of the enchanted season she and her lover spend together.

The play takes place in the summer of the seventeenth doll. None of the amorous quartet is young now. The younger man's former girl has married a local fellow; a neighborhood widow has been invited to replace her. The play's main theme is the precarious realization of age, the passing of youthful potency of the spine, the vertebrae and in venery.

But the play goes beyond this. The two men are still relatively robust; the older one offers to settle down in New Orleans with his girl and marry her. But she won't have it so; the offer of marriage fills her with fear. It means the end of romance, the abandonment of that oasis of glamour in her drab everyday life. For her the tranquillity of a settled household means nothing but days of quiet desperation—the lot of the common citizen.

There is a certain poignancy in this comedy, implicit in the humorously truthful depiction of its single characters. For all its modest realism, the play has a larger dimension than its slight plot might indicate. Some of it is hilarious; most of it is surprisingly touching.

Moses Gunn, as one of the men, has a moral as well as a physical stature and a finely reasonant voice with a slight humanizing "break" in it which contribute to his imposing stage personality. He and others play well (though two members of the cast are too young for their roles), but they might play better if the direction did not press them to "results," that is, points and postures—especially in pathos—of conventional theatrics. Also, violence or overdramatization of effect at times reduce the play's fundamental seriousness.

Only this remains to be said: the first favorable impression made by the Negro Ensemble two months ago was no fluke: it's a sound company and we can look forward to its further development with confidence.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

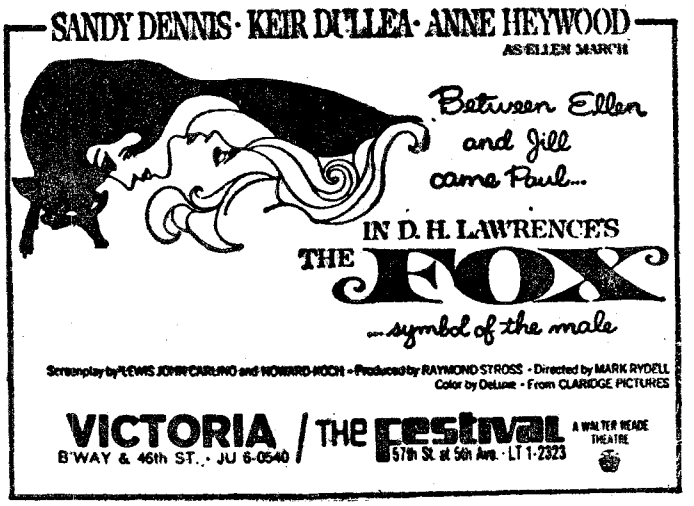
Given the chance, would you prevent the human race? That is the central issue in *Planet of the Apes,* a science fiction picture based on a novel by Pierre Boulle, celebrated previously for *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* The virtue of good science fiction is that it formulates basic questions in new ways; the weakness of even the best of it is that it does not pursue such questions very far, being distracted by suspense, exoticism and mechanical wonders.

There are no mechanical wonders in *Planet of the Apes,* aside from the spaceship whose voyage ends in the first ten minutes of the film, but otherwise the judgment holds. Three astronauts have landed on a planet where apes are the dominant species and man exists as a vegetarian plains animal, running in considerable herds. The apes hunt these fleet creatures on horseback, partly to hold down their numbers, partly to keep watch for signs of incipient humanity. The spacemen are caught up in one such drive, and one of them, Charlton Heston, survives to become a bone of contention between a pair of iconoclastic young anthropoid scientists and the senior member of the academy who is also the foremost keeper of the faith. This latter has his own reasons for insisting that dogma shall take precedence over knowledge, and you can perhaps carry the theme from there.

Planet of the Apes is interesting in a boring sort of way. The central situation is attractive and the physical details are ingenious, but the story development is unaspiring and the dialogue stultifying. It was a good idea, in this rejection of humanity, not to glorify the apes in utopian sentimentality. They are crude, limited, brutal from lack of imagination, and organized in a rigid theocracy. Their virtues are that they do not despoil their environment and do not prey on their own kind.

On the other hand, Maurice Evans, Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, James Whitmore and the rest are utterly expressionless in their mobile ape masks and the dialogue given them never raises their roles above puppetry. Thus, Heston has to play the human race in a black and white that scores a number of easy points but will seem oversimplified to anyone familiar with the species. I think the picture is worth seeing, if you go in a popcorn state of mind.

You don't have to be Jewish to love Sidney Lumet's *Bye Bye Braverman,* but it helps a lot to be a New Yorker. I'm not certain why a picture set in one's own territory is so gratifying: perhaps it is the flattering implication that you live and work in places someone thinks interesting enough to put on film.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...symbol of the male
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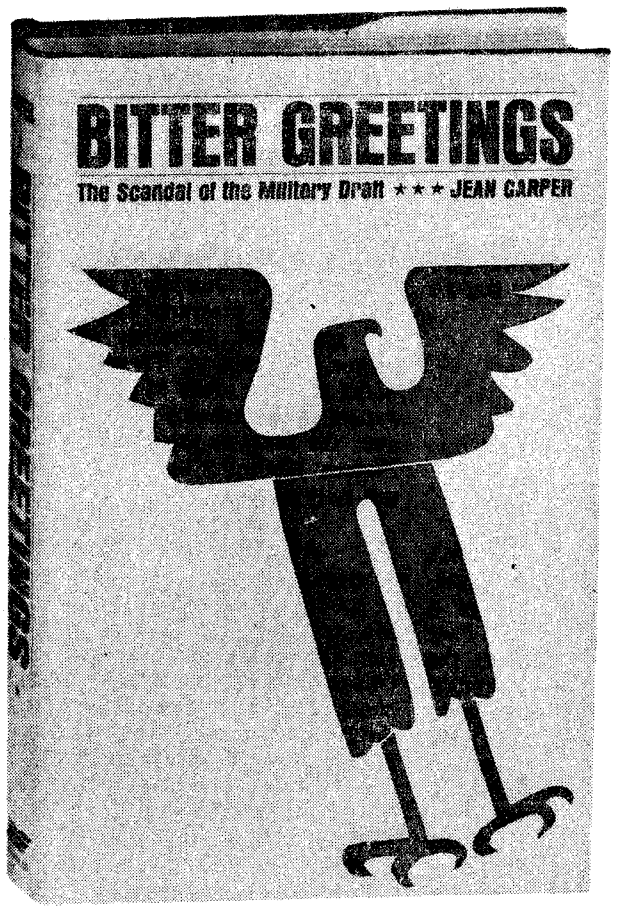

In past wars, Americans have "submitted with surprising docility to the draft," Jean Carper reports in this issue of *The Nation.*

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In this case, though, the city has been made the love interest of the picture. It is a great day in early summer, and from Sheridan Square to Far Rockaway the metropolis sparkles as though it were young and fresh from a bath. New York is no doubt the dirtiest, most crowded, most exhausting city on earth, but, as New Yorkers know, you also get Sundays in June.

For the rest, the movie is a stock item of folklore: the clowns in search of the funeral. Braverman has dropped dead, he is to be buried from a funeral home somewhere out in Brooklyn, and four of his friends set out to find the place. They are full of the memory of Braverman, but fuller yet of their own preoccupations, vanities, fears and needs. These four—George Segal, Jack Warden, Joseph Wiseman and Sorrell Brooke—play types, maybe stereotypes, so one must be on guard. However, I saw no offense, except perhaps in a tasteless scene with Godfrey Cambridge who plays a Negro convert to Judaism, and the worst of that passage was that it tried so hard and so unsuccessfully to be funny.

The picture is not exactly Sholem Aleichem, but neither is it mean. It doesn't make the mistake of patronizing these Jews by making them lovable, but it does just allow them to be likable; and I'm not going to let the Anti-Defamation League con me out of saying that modern urban Jewry has developed a gallery of personality styles that can be defined by fraternal caricature. *Bye Bye Braverman* is very slight, but it has a quota of gentle laughter. And the helicopter shots of bridges, elevated lines and expressways, the street-scene kaleidoscope of upper West Side, lower East Side, Bay Ridge, Flatbush and Prospect Park, give a hint of why John Lindsay ever wanted to be mayor of the place.

PUBLICATIONS

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TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The spread of propaganda by television has acquired several degrees of sophistication since Richard M. Nixon, like a wind-up doll, played piano for Jack Paar four years ago. A recent example of the new look was the White House arrangement of a special *Meet The Press* appearance by Secretaries Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara early in February, which resulted in two stories and a photograph on the front page of next day's *New York Times*, plus another story and a half page of transcript excerpts inside. The *Times* and N.B.C. apparently believe this good journalism. When the President can order a command performance from a network and by his Cabinet officers, designating in advance who shall sit on the panel, it is also good controlled news.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee wants to know why the Secretary of State finds an N.B.C. television program a more suitable forum than open-committee sessions—which Mr. Rusk has been declining for two years on the ground that the situation in Vietnam is too "delicate." The reason is simple. *Meet The Press* is a controlled environment: limited questions by a limited number of reporters, with little power to press for answers. Senators, who don't have to be respectful to their news sources, would be more critical, responsible and knowledgeable interrogators. They have the lever of executive-legislative accountability.

Another example of news management was President Johnson's three-network rocking-chair television appearance last December. When a program guest makes the decision on timing and format, when he controls the production, direction and editing, he doesn't make news; he makes propaganda. Only one network (C.B.S.) announced it had help from the President. The other two presented the programs as if they truly were productions of their own news departments.

The most convenient, direct form of propaganda is one's own weekly program, a recent development of which Mayors John V. Lindsay of New York and Sam Yorty of Los Angeles are notable practitioners. Several considerations secured this unfiltered pipe line to the public. Both have show-business savvy. Second, American television, a licensed activity, has a bias toward power. A chief executive has power, and broadcasting is susceptible to the slightest governmental pressure. Finally, there is the traditional definition of news. A mayor, governor or President does not make news so much as he is news. The system overwhelmingly favors the ins over the outs, as the Republicans, Sen. Eugene McCarthy and other minorities are fully aware.

An even more deplorable form of propaganda is the increasing special-plea or good-guy appearance by men in public life on television's entertainment shows. Jim Garrison, district attorney of New Orleans, continues to try his conspiracy charges in the assassination of President Kennedy out of court. His latest appearance, January 31, found him giving hearsay evidence to comedian Johnny Carson, of all people, about Jack Ruby's being in the vicinity of the Dealey Plaza grassy knoll an hour before the slaying.

Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) has made small talk with his host on the *Merv Griffin Show*. And Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was booked into a "nonpolitical" appearance on the *Today* show, as though sympathetic mass-media exposure in an election year could be anything but political.

It was perhaps inevitable, since commercial television is largely given to entertainment and selling, that public figures would insinuate themselves in these areas. (Thoughtful talks or debates on substantive issues are not conducive to high ratings.) But it hardly speaks well for the state of our civilization, justice and sanity that we try criminal cases on variety shows on days when our lawmakers or their wives are not joshing with the emcees.

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